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JUNE 20, 1986

m. F. Buckley Jr. on
egalizing Drugs
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NATIONAL REVIEW

RICHARD VIGUERIE
TYCOON IN CRISIS

David Brooks

Dr. Freud vs. The Sex Educators
By Melvin Anchell

Why I Too Am Not A Neoconservative
By Stephen J. Tonsor

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- Joseph Sobran
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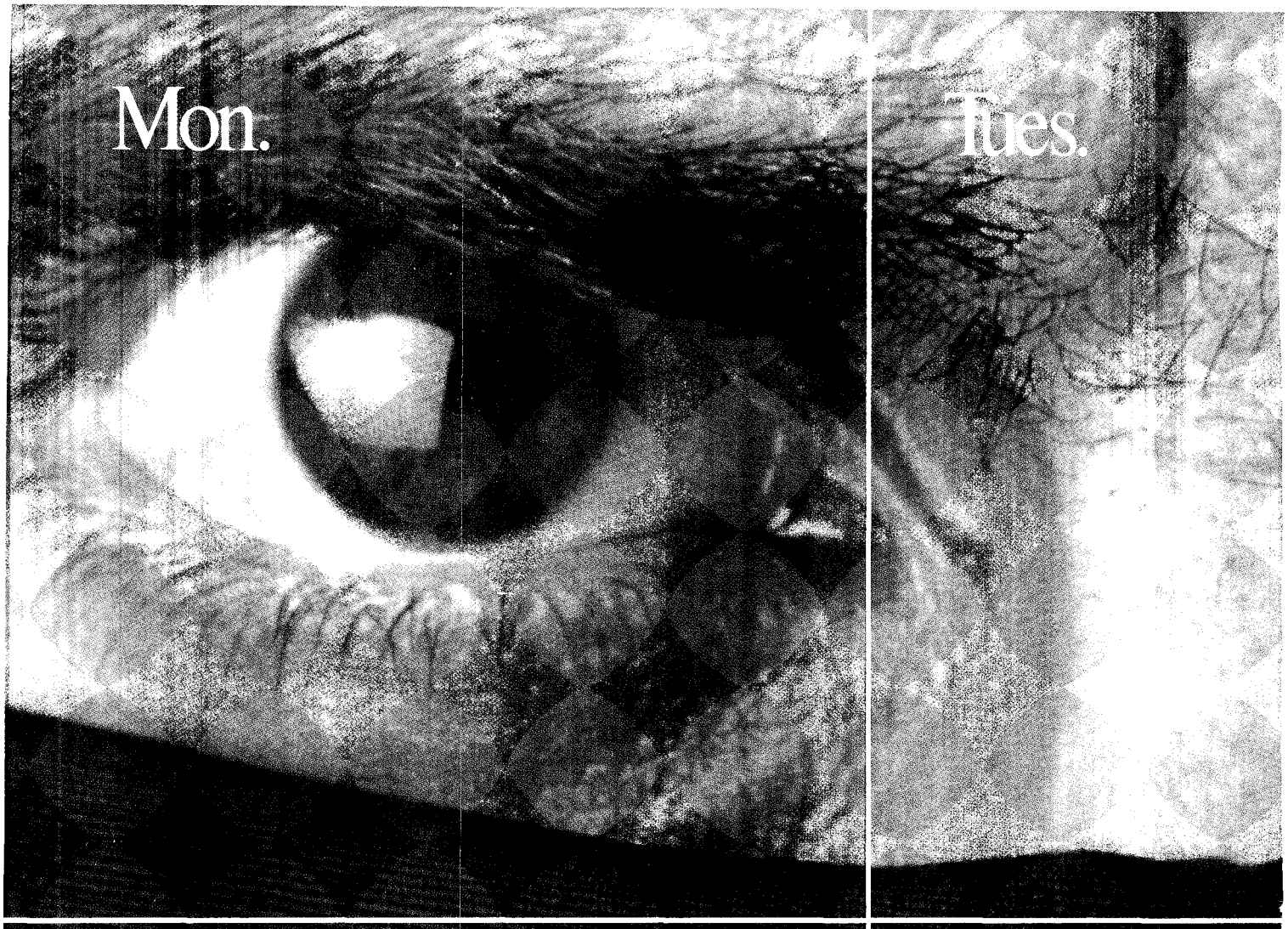

Thurs.

Fri.

The week we looked terrorism in the eye and proposed a way to make it blink.

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Sat.

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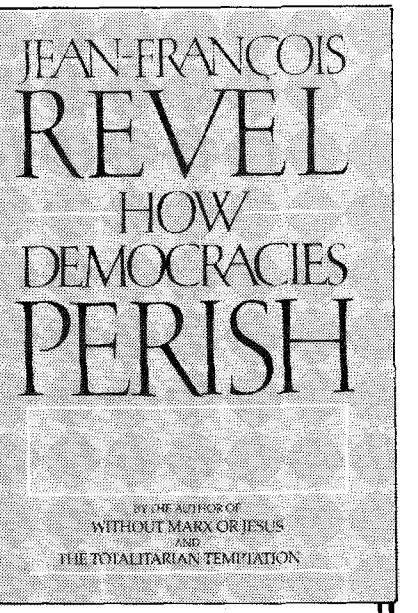
This is the book Jeane Kirkpatrick quoted in her stirring address to the Republican convention



Do you remember her words? "The American people know that it is dangerous to blame ourselves for terrible problems we didn't cause. They understand, just as the distinguished French writer, Jean-Francois Revel, understands the danger of endless self-criticism and self-denigration. He wrote: 'Clearly, a civilization that feels guilty for everything it is and does will lack the energy and conviction to defend itself.' "

That, briefly, is the kernel of this classic study of Western malaise. The Kremlin is playing the liberal West like a fiddle. Revel expands his analysis with several key points:

- ☐ Liberal democracies are *by nature* flabby. If liberal intellectuals hesitate to admit this — well, the Communists are in no hurry to embarrass them.
- ☐ Soviet disinformation *seeks out* the soft spots in our liberals. And finds them, all the time.
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- ☐ Case histories: how the left-liberals paved the way for these Red victories.
- ☐ Liberal foreign policy: the intellectual roots.

But shouldn't we take comfort from the internal problems of the Soviets? Revel calls this an illusion. *One* of us, he points out, will collapse first. But we fail to exploit Communist weaknesses. They not only exploit ours, they *cause* some of them.

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- ✓ Moscow's setbacks. Revel says they cheer him — but also give him pause.

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LETTERS

The Triumph of Economists

"The Great Tax-Reform Debate" between Paul Craig Roberts and George Gilder [June 6] was enormously informative in illustrating the economic, political, and philosophical issues splitting supply-siders. The battle lines were clearly drawn, and this supply-sider knows on which side he stands: the true supply side represented by Mr. Gilder.

The whole concept of supply-side economics has to do with economic growth, which is created by human capital, ideas, and initiative, not accountants, corporations, or machines. But then, what do I know, I don't even qualify as one of the "small cadre of journalists and newsletter writers" whom Dr. Roberts disparages as not being accredited enough to engage in economic debate. Perhaps one needs a PhD in order to cloak corporate welfare in terms like "accelerated depreciation," "rapid write-offs," and "investment tax credits," but I can tell private-sector pork barrel the old-fashioned way, by the smell.

David Allanson
Greenwich, Conn.

Czech Mate

Concerning the Chernobyl disaster ["The Week," May 23], in the Soviet Union, as well as the other Eastern-bloc nations, the true intelligentsia were murdered or fled the country and their children not allowed to study because they were not of the working class. As a result, the universities are full of "puppet intellectuals" who are incapable of producing scientific advancement on a par with the rest of the civilized world, and thus through their own incompetence pose a threat to us all.

This should send a message to the doubting Thomases in the free world—including the various émigré communities—that Communism can indeed fall and that the people forced to live under Communism will again be free to live as normal human beings with the right to have free elections, to own property, and to study and travel and worship. And it may all be done without the West's even having to fire one shot, for the people of these countries will decide for themselves.

Josef Kucera
President, Czechoslovak Daily Herald
Berwyn, Ill.

Qaddafi: Duck!

We believe President Reagan's decision to take military action against Libyan tyrant Muammar el-Qaddafi was well justified ["The Week," May 9]. We commend the raid because Qaddafi is one of the three sides to the triangle of terror (the other two being Assad and Khomeini). Once Qaddafi is gone, Iranian patriots' move against Khomeini becomes easier. Qaddafi's push has long since turned into shove, and it is time to shove him back. However, we believe the course of action taken by the United States would have met with more support both here and abroad if it had been more intelligently planned and less hastily carried out, for the man who lends advice and support to terrorist actions around the globe still lives.

President Reagan spoke of hard evidence and facts that had been gathered against Qaddafi; had such facts been revealed beforehand two matters of importance would have been accomplished. First, it would prove to the world community just who is behind all the dirty work and that the U.S. plans to do something about it. Second, it would have given Western allies more psychological readiness, so that when the time came to strike they would have had no excuse for not supporting their NATO ally. We believe a combination of continuous political, economic, and military actions could be a better solution for the problem that Qaddafi started in 1969.

Ashkan Aryazad
Executive Director
Young Patriotic Iranians
San Mateo, Calif.

Sexual Politics

Joseph Sobran's article "The Politics of AIDS" [May 23] doesn't seem to recognize how far we've come in accepting deviant sexual behavior as simply a different lifestyle that must be tolerated.

It isn't really that the homosexuals have caught onto something and are pushing it beyond the bounds of reason by some insidious force. What's pushing gay rights just as much as the homosexuals is the logic of the sexual revolution itself.

I'm going to sound terribly old-fashioned saying this, but someone has to. The pretense that reproduction is only an adjunct to sex and isn't in the nature

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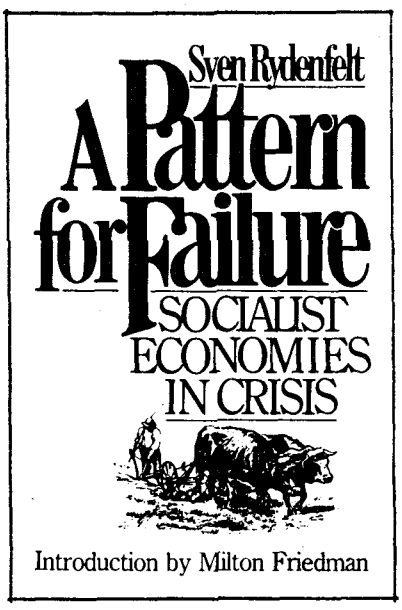

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Sven Rydenfelt's *A Pattern for Failure* does just that. Here, finally, in one highly readable book, are the stories of the practical failures of fifteen socialist regimes all over the world. The effect of stringing these fifteen briefly told social tragedies together is numbing. The Soviet Union, Poland, Romania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Portugal, China, India, Vietnam, Sri Lanka, Ghana, Tanzania, Cuba, and Argentina, each experiment with the policies of socialism and each find noble aspirations rudely shattered by the facts. The relative economic prosperity of socialist regimes is inversely related to the degree to which they pursue their own ideals.

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Rydenfelt explains in his first chapter that economic prosperity depends above all upon the freedom of independent entrepreneurs to discover and exploit profit opportunities in an unhampered market. Relying on Milton Friedman's and Israel Kirzner's work as his theoretical lenses, Rydenfelt shows how the entrepreneurial process created the prosperity that has occurred in history. Then he tells the story of socialist attempts to make economic prosperity happen by design, by concerted government planning. All they have done is stifle prosperity. Economic growth is not something that is created by design but is something that occurs spontaneously when human energies are released from coercive restraints. Rydenfelt shows that socialist policies only widen those very restraints.

As **Milton Friedman** says in his introduction, this is "a highly thoughtful, original and provocative book," and one that has the potential of reaching and influencing a far wider audience than any narrow study of one single country could hope to reach. Books like Mises' *Socialism* and Hayek's *Road to Serfdom* have been telling us what *must* happen when socialism is tried. *A Pattern for Failure* shows us what *has* happened. 175 pages (hardcover)

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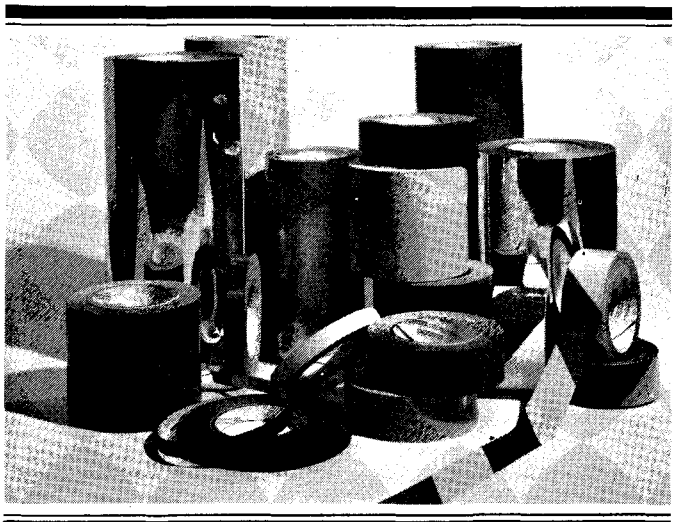

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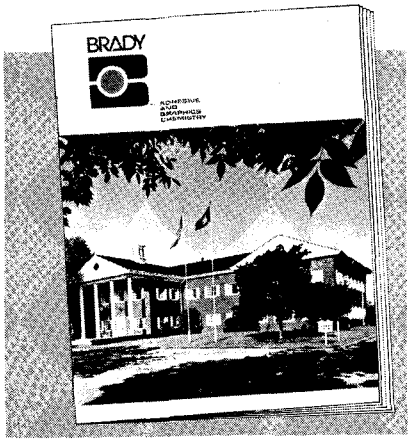

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of the act itself is working itself out in all of the ramifications of its inherent dishonesty.

George Alfred Blair
Cincinnati, Ohio

Joseph Sobran's timely article, "The Politics of AIDS," was superb. There are, however, more examples of the power of the gay lobby. Initially AIDS was called GRID, for Gay-Related Immune Deficiency, but the homosexual lobby was successful in getting the name changed. Dr. Paul Cameron has documentation of six hundred cases of AIDS that do not fit all the usual means of transmission. How can those in the medical profession make such sweeping statements that AIDS cannot be spread by casual contact?

David Williams
Knoxville, Tenn.

Kulturkampf

The article "Totalitarian Culture: The Encounter in Paris," by Inga Karetnikova and Igor Golomstock [May 9], has some valid points, and both writers ought to be commended for delving into the matter.

However, if it is true that "in a totalitarian society, art always serves the purpose of 'covering up the deficit,'" how can we explain the subliminal reasons for the kitsch-falsely-called-art that today graces the desolate plazas in front of *our* modern, soulless buildings?

It may be true that one of the most important components of totalitarian culture is the cult of the leader. But what if "the leader" consists of a tiny population minority? We see it in all American art forms of the present: If an artist has the right kind of adulation for that minority, and expresses it in his art, then he is in. If not . . . So, where is the difference?

Also, Albert Speer became minister of armaments only *after* the invasion of Russia, in 1942.

Hans Schmidt
Washington, D.C.

Beg Your Pardon

Contrary to Peter Worthington's claim in "Can We Trust Savimbi?" [May 9], Amnesty International has in no way testified to the Angolan opposition leader's "record of decency." Misrepresentations of Amnesty's mandate and methodology accompany Mr. Worthington's factual errors.

Amnesty focuses its nonpartisan human-rights work on governments, the bodies responsible under domestic and international law for upholding human-

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rights standards, while condemning political killings and torture committed by any group. Amnesty notes in several recent reports on allegations concerning Angola that UNITA, the opposition group headed by Jonas Savimbi, is responsible for serious human-rights abuses. The organization continues to seek confirmation of these allegations from independent sources.

The annual country reports published by Amnesty International in 1983 and 1985, in addition to papers published by the organization in 1982 and 1986, present information compiled on abuses by both the Angolan government and UNITA. Limited access to information precludes judgments based upon word counts.

Amnesty has not been silent on the subject of UNITA. And in any case, as Amnesty International clearly spells out in each of its annual reports, including those reviewed by Mr. Worthington, a lack of information about violations can never responsibly be equated with a clean human-rights record.

John G. Healey
Executive Director
Amnesty International U.S.A.
New York, N.Y.

Shan't We?

As an avid reader of *NR*, I was thoroughly disappointed with an item in "The Week" of May 23. It referred to the building of an anti-Soviet Gulag at Indiana University as "good stuff," compared to anti-apartheid shanties.

Wrong! Shanties are useless, ridiculous structures that only serve to kill grass. On campuses nationwide, conservative students have become a powerful force because they strive to win the intellectual battle against the mindless activism of the Left.

For all intents and purposes the Left has lost. Let's not get entrapped in an absurd "me-tooism." Otherwise the contest is forfeit.

Eric J. Labs
Editor, The Primary Source
Tufts University
Medford, Mass.

Where's Ware?

In "For the Record" [May 23] you note that former Massachusetts governor Endicott Peabody was named after three Bay State towns: Endicott, Peabody, and Marblehead. This is an incorrect statement; he was named after four. The other is Athol, located between Greenfield and Gardner.

Paul Tarrant
Gainesville, Fla.

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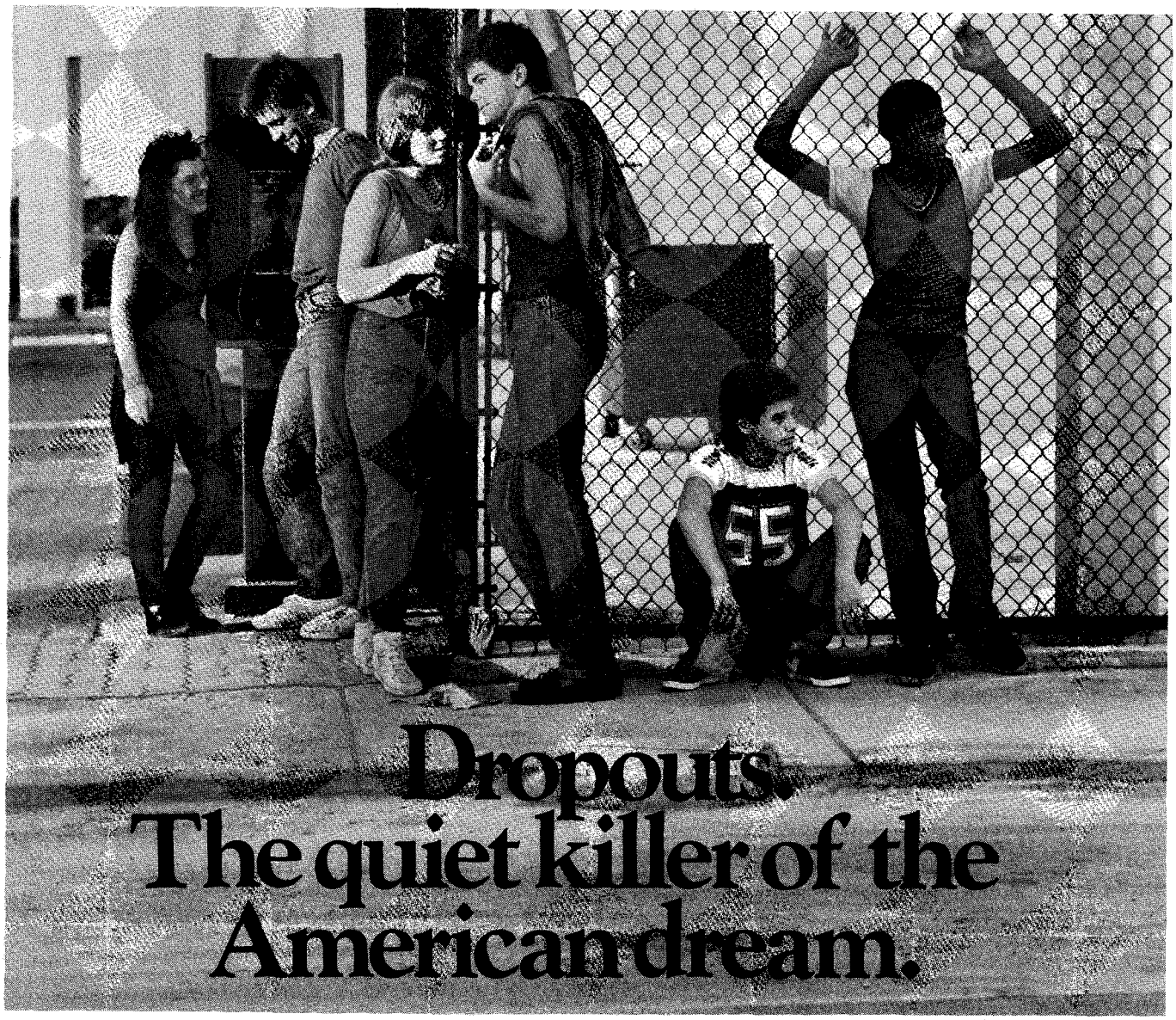

Dropouts. The quiet killer of the American dream.

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Thirty percent of America's teenagers aren't graduating from high school. That's three quarters of a million dropouts each year.

In our large cities — Boston, New York, Detroit, Chicago, Washington and Philadelphia — the dropout rate is 35-50%.

The cost to society of the dropout crisis is staggering. More than half of the nation's prison inmates are dropouts — and it costs taxpayers up to $25,000 a year to house a prisoner in a correctional institution. That total is higher than the cost of a year of education at either Harvard or Yale.

The Business Advisory Commission of the Education Commission of the States recently called on all of society — business, schools, civic organizations, labor and professional groups — to address the dropout problem. We as a nation cannot let one quarter of America's youth continue to drift toward hopelessness.

That's why the National Education Association has initiated a major new effort to rescue young people from academic failure. NEA has committed $1.7 million to this effort — one dollar for every NEA member. We will devote $700,000 to this war-chest against scholastic failure to Operation Rescue, our new program to combat the dropout and illiteracy syndrome.

The remaining $1 million will establish an endowment to make educational excellence grants available to teachers for years to come. And we're asking other concerned groups — both inside and outside education — to join teachers in building this fund. Our aim is to begin funding local dropout prevention programs by the fall of 1986.

Our goal with Operation Rescue? We want to help cut the dropout rate in half by 1990.

Our goal as an association? In over 128 years, that's never wavered. We stand for excellence in every classroom, for every child.

nea
National Education Association

THE SUBJECT IS EXCELLENCE

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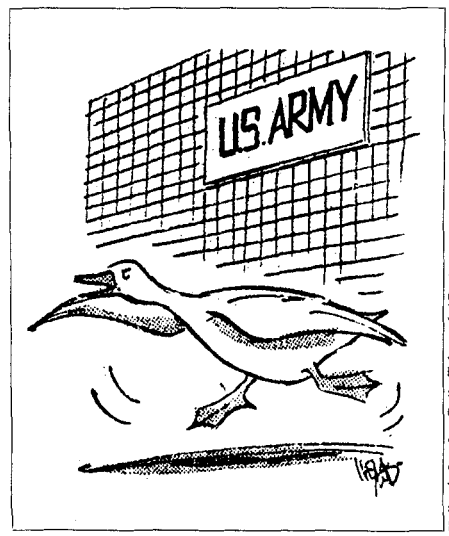
FOR THE RECORD

Those rumblings you hear are opening guns of '88 presidential campaigns. In long, complex Michigan delegate selection—a year-long process—**George Bush** came in first, evangelist **Pat Robertson** second, **Jack Kemp** third, in preliminary count. No one else of 18-man Republican field—if you count everyone who's been mentioned—went after Michigan delegates. . . . On Democratic side, the week featured **Mario Cuomo**'s announcement that he was running for re-election as governor of New York, a necessary preliminary bout to the main event. Cuomo remains number two to **Gary Hart** in polls, but Democratic political analyst **Richard Scammon** suggests he would be a poor choice for his party. Democrats could be "buying trouble" if they turn to Cuomo, says Scammon, because Cuomo is perceived in the rest of the country as a Northern "establishment" Democrat. In *Christian Science Monitor* interview, Scammon points out that Democrats, much more than Republicans, have an "ideological chasm" between their left and right wings. The candidate they come up with must be acceptable to both wings because the Left (**Jesse Jackson**, **Gloria Steinem**, **Michael Harrington**, **Norman Lear**, etc.) provides the money, the enthusiasm, the bell-ringers; the Right, the voters. . . . Incidentally, Democratic point man Hart will be finding it harder to pass himself off as a moderate given *National Journal* analysis that shows him the most liberal member of the Senate—ahead of **John Kerry**, **Daniel Inouye**, **Howard Metzenbaum**, **Tom Harkin**. . . . Among Republicans, Jack Kemp continues to build his campaign organization: Latest recruit is **Robert C. Heckman**, who will head Kemp's Campaign for Prosperity. . . . Sen. **Bob Dole** is publicizing *Congressional Quarterly* finding that he has voted the **Reagan** line 92 per cent of the time in latest session of Congress, more faithfully than any other senator.

Ring out the old-timers in the South. **George Wallace** won't be running again in Alabama, and **Orval Faubus** took the count in Arkansas gubernatorial primary last week, losing to Gov. **Bill Clinton**. . . . In Pennsylvania, the leftmost Democrat, **Bob Edgar**, won the right to face liberal Republican Sen. **Arlen Specter** in November. Specter is no prize—he played major role in **William Bradford Reynolds**'s confirmation debacle last year, and is supporter of **Kennedy-Hatfield** nuclear freeze—but Edgar is worse: A former counselor to Vietnam draft-dodgers, the six-term congressman has an ACU rating of 5 per cent, and a career AFL-CIO COPE rating of 89 per cent. Edgar beat former Democratic Congressman **Don Bailey**. . . . In Ohio, former GOP Gov. **James Rhodes**, 76, who dismisses the age factor with comment, "I haven't been shot and I don't have cancer," is given outside chance of winning over incumbent **Dick Celeste**, if former Cleveland mayor **Dennis Kucinich**, running as independent, skims off 10 to 15 per cent of votes. . . . The man Maryland Republicans would like to see take over Sen. **Charles Mathias**'s seat is former Sen. **Glenn Beall**, according to *Baltimore Sun* poll that gives Beall—who has not announced—33 per cent of vote to 8 and 7 per cent, respectively, for declared candidates **Linda Chavez** and **Richard Sullivan**.



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph*/Rothco

"Honk! Who goes there?"

Chernobyl accident has revitalized anti-nuclear troops worldwide. **Paul Gunther** of Clamshell Alliance is, well, delighted. "We're seeing a chain reaction of nuclear resistance all across the U.S. as a result of Chernobyl," he says. . . . The radical *Guardian* reports that while "the majority of Left organizations call for abolishing nuclear power, . . . a few Left groups argue that under socialism, with the proper technology, nuclear power can be made safe." . . . In West Germany, the Green Party has voted to make the abolition of nuclear power the main plank of its strategy for the national elections in January 1987. The Social Democratic Party is calling for a cutback in West Germany's reliance on nuclear power, but Chancellor **Helmut Kohl**, who is bullish on his electoral prospects, says such views are "unrealistic." He intends to stick with the nation's nuclear-power program. . . . Soviet Union took its knocks in Europe last week when U.S. delegation to Helsinki follow-up conference in Bern refused to sign wishy-washy final statement on human rights. "It was a very modest document in our view, and a rather weak one," commented U.S. delegation chairman **Michael Novak**. . . . Most Western European delegations at same conference called on Soviet Union on May 21, **Andrei Sakharov**'s 65th birthday, to free him from his internal exile in Gorky.

On the Right: Conservative activists **Paul Weyrich** and **Burt Pines** are organizing the American Election Commission to counter campaign gambits of **Norman Lear**'s People for the American Way. . . . Radio America, the nation's only conservative radio syndicate, is celebrating its second birthday. For info on its 185 subscribing stations write: Radio America, 426 C Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002 (202-547-9409).

Sighted on Manhattan bumper, a sticker reading: "DAMMIT" IS NOT GOD'S LAST NAME.

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THE WEEK

☐ The United Methodist Hymnal Revision Committee, and God help us all if there is such a thing, desires to liquidate such barbarisms of past militarism and sexism as *Onward, Christian Soldiers* and *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Nor will Methodism be tainted by such terms as "all men" or "brethren." It boggles the mind that survival of the fittest can terminate in such wimphood.

☐ The opposition to the new tax-reform bill has just had time to regroup, and as usual it is led by real-estate interests, who would lose even if all their tax shelters remained intact, for the simple reason that lower tax rates create less demand for those shelters. From the economic-growth side, the strategic imperatives are relatively simple: 1) Ditch the ill-considered scheme to end deductions six months before lowering rates, which is almost sure to induce a quickie recession during the penalty period. 2) Toss out the provisions regulating corporate pensions—thrown in as a sop to liberals and feminists—which prevent companies from using pensions as a more than proportionate reward for long service. And, above all, 3) keep the rates from creeping back up in the compromise. Holding the line is hardest during the last few minutes of play, but that's when it's most vital.

☐ President Reagan's veto of a congressional resolution opposing a planned arms sale to Saudi Arabia set the stage for a major legislative battle when Congress returned to work on June 3. Opponents of the sale will seek to override the veto, which they can probably do in the House but will be hard pressed to achieve in the Senate. Secretary of State George Shultz, speaking at the Overseas Writers Club, vigorously defended the Administration's position. "I don't believe Israel's national-security interests are menaced by these sales, but we have to think about *our* national-security interests." The notion that U.S. national-security interests should come first may be an original idea to many members of Congress. Fortunately, only one-third of them need to see the light for the President's position to be sustained.

☐ The indictment of Jackie Presser, the third Teamsters union president of the last four to face felony charges, didn't stop those wild and crazy guys from having a blowout at their recent convention in Las Vegas. Following some strong words on corruption from Labor Secretary Bill Brock, Presser was borne into the party at Caesars Palace on a chariot pushed by four delegates dressed as Praetorian Guards. Among the business attended to at the bacchanal was the reaffirmation of James Hoffa as "general president emeritus for life." A teamster from Hoffa's old local said, "The man's not here but it hasn't been proven that he won't be back," challenging the rumor that Hoffa is now an integral part of the New Jersey Turnpike.

☐ FARM CRISIS? The highest growth in personal income last year was recorded by Nebraska (9 per cent). Never mind that the gains would only have been 5.6 per cent without federal slops, courtesy of unwilling taxpayers. That still exceeds the national average, 5.3 per cent.

☐ When Haverford College announced plans to confer an honorary degree on former Secretary of Transportation Drew Lewis, a wave of protest rippled over the college community. What was Lewis's crime? Did he frown on disinvestment, perhaps, or was he overheard making an off-color remark? No. In 1981 he supported President Reagan during the air-traffic controllers' strike. For that, a third of the faculty objected to giving Lewis the degree. At commencement, thirty students donned white armbands in protest. Lewis duly stepped up to the podium, but then dramatically tore off his ceremonial hood and refused the honorary degree, saying he could not accept an award that had divided the college. Before a shocked and unfriendly crowd, Lewis defended his actions during the PATCO strike. By the end of his speech, one thousand Haverford students rose to their feet and gave Lewis a standing ovation. Bravo.

☐ Senator Gary Hart, currently the front-runner for the Democratic nomination, has published a remarkable book—written with William Lind—entitled *America Can Win: The Case for Military Reform* (Adler & Adler). The book is full of information about military matters, often sophisticated and sometimes arcane. Hart points out, for example, that at the battle of Jutland the Germans survived "by outmaneuvering the British with their famous *Gefechtskehrtwendung*, or

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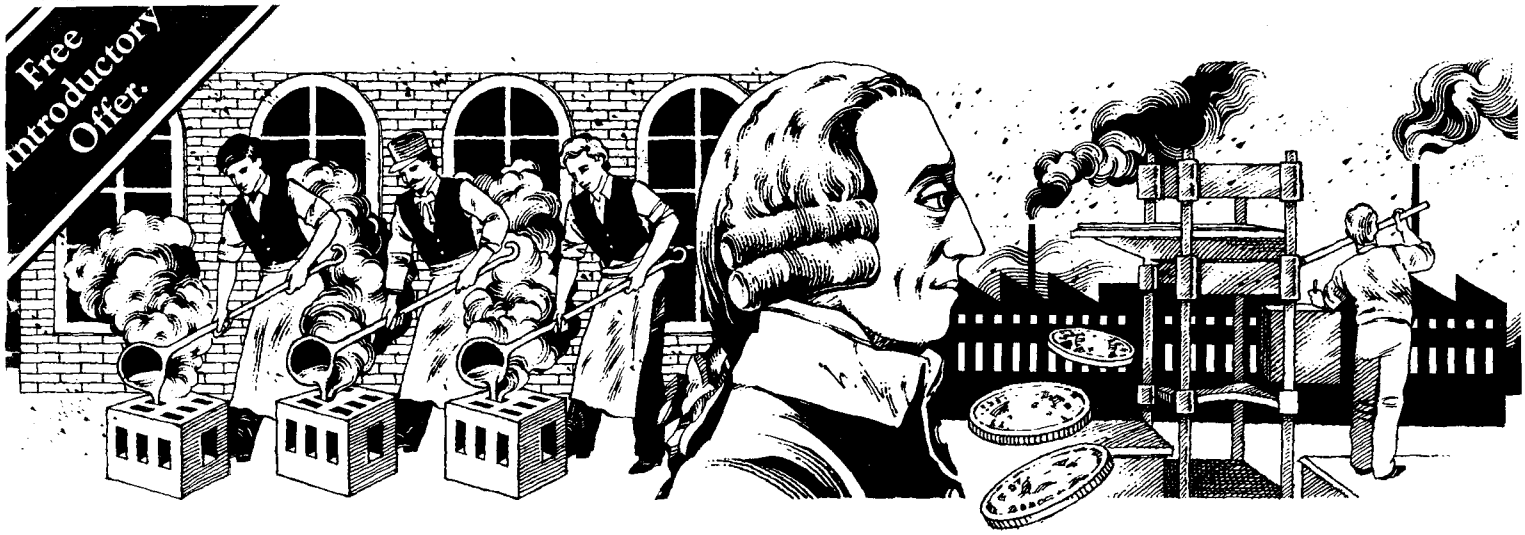

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SOUTH AFRICA'S three-pronged strike against bases of the outlawed guerrilla African National Congress (ANC) in Zambia, Botswana, and Zimbabwe hurt the Botha government on Capitol Hill. "It's disastrous," says a conservative GOP South Africa expert just returned from that country. President Botha has made, and continues to make, major reforms that far exceed those of any previous National Party administration: abolishing pass laws, recognizing the legitimacy of black labor unions, and ratifying a new constitution that gives more freedoms to blacks. "Those changes haven't been recognized abroad," claims the analyst. "It's going to be harder to have them acknowledged after these attacks."

Liberals, led by Democratic Congressman Stephen Solarz (N.Y.), have fashioned legislation to impose tougher economic sanctions on South Africa. The "Anti-Apartheid Act of 1986" would ban new U.S. investment in South Africa, aid those who have been victimized by apartheid ($25 million), end U.S. landing rights for South African commercial aircraft, and prohibit the importation of South African coal, steel, and uranium. In addition, the legislation calls for U.S. disinvestment from South Africa's computer industry if Nelson Mandela is not freed within one year after the bill becomes law. "Time is running out on South Africa," claims Solarz. "Buried beneath the rubble of South Africa's shameful raids are the final fragments of Ronald Reagan's five-year effort to coax South Africa away from apartheid."

Some, however, believe that Solarz is overzealous. "Reform can't be a one-way street," says a GOP House aide. "Botha had to show he meant business. He can't roll over and play dead." As long as the ANC presses for violent radical reform, tensions will increase. "South Africa just can't win," says the aide. "When it does nothing, that's expected. When it makes reforms, it's told, 'That's not good enough.' "

The Solarz legislation will probably pass both the House and the Senate. But the President is certain to veto it. Ronald Reagan will take no action to enfeeble South Africa. The votes aren't there in the Senate, fortunately, to override that wise veto.

Amidst all the pneumatic rhetoric about how the Saudis failed to support the U.S. strike against Libya, or to advance the Mideast peace process, it should be noted that King Fahd, with great civility and courtesy, made it easy for President Reagan to back off on his proposed $354-million Saudi arms sale. The Saudi ambassador to the United States, Prince Bandar bin Sultan, met in the White House with Chief of Staff Donald Regan and National Security Advisor John Poindexter just before the scheduled Senate vote that was certain to go against the sale. Prince Bandar told the group that King Fahd wanted to withdraw his request for arms "to save President Reagan any embarrassment." Regan and Poindexter said no to the idea of complete withdrawal; instead, they removed the Stinger missiles and shoulder-held launchers from the package.

The next day, just before the Memorial Day recess, Majority Leader Dole was set to drive the sale through when a threatened Democratic filibuster derailed him, whereupon Dole took advantage of the death of the father of Senator Dennis DeConcini (D., Ariz.) to postpone balloting until June 5.

Pundits here dispute the impact of the recess. Smart money, however, is on the side of passage, which won't really disturb the Israeli government or the American-Israeli Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), since neither lobbied against the original heavier package. With the budget and Contra aid in trouble, the Gipper could use a legislative win. —CATO

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battle turn, where their fleet twice did what the British thought impossible by having all their battleships reverse course simultaneously." The book is full of excellent things and may well become a classic of military analysis. But it does raise a question. What does all of this have to do with Gary Hart? No one believes he would fire a shot anywhere past Montauk Point, if there. He believes Latin American Communism can be combatted with food. His voting record makes him the most liberal man in the Senate, more liberal than Kennedy and Cranston. *America Can Win*, on the other hand, could have been signed by George S. Patton. The whole thing is a puzzler.

☐ The state of Texas heaved a huge sigh of relief that only 3.3 per cent of its teachers flunked a basic see-Spot-run competency test. Still, that is 6,579 teachers unable to read, write, or cipher, all early grade-school material, and you wonder how they managed to finish college and get hired.

☐ An important election took place at Dartmouth last month, as two alumni candidates received enough nominating signatures to run for the board of trustees against the college's official candidates. The campaign from the official Dartmouth side was dirty in important respects, the words "extremist" and "LaRouche" being used with stupefying inappropriateness in behalf of the official candidates, though "Hitlerian" was avoided, good marks for restraint. The official candidates won by roughly 13,000 to 9,000—meaning that there is a lot of alumni protest out there, but that Dartmouth alumni are, in their majority, satisfied with a college many of whose key policies seem to have been devised by James Watt's gag writer and whose president thinks that anti-apartheid shanties in the center of the college are "educational." The Dartmouth alumni do not know how bad it is.

☐ Apropos of which, Secretary of Education William Bennett made a speech recently in which he observed: "What we've seen in recent years is the rise of a significant body of opinion on the campus which more or less openly rejects the democratic ethic. Academic totalitarians are turning our universities into a kind of fortress at war with society, an arsenal whose princi-

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pal task is to raise 'revolutionary consciousness.' " It is good to have this said publicly by a man of Secretary Bennett's obvious credibility.

☐ Mr. Qaddafi, unusually quiet of late, emerged from his foxhole long enough to announce that a "line of fire" awaited any U.S. interlopers who set foot on Libyan soil. Evidently, the "line of fire" is the old "line of death" moved back to the Libyan beaches, where we will be greeted by one million Libyans who have been asked to buy AK-47s, and where we "will burn . . . will die." Big talk from a coward whose only success is in gunning down unarmed innocents.

☐ Yugoslavia is pinning its economic hopes on Western sales of a new line of subcompact cars, featuring the Yugo. Listing at $3,990, the Yugo is a real ripoff. In a test sponsored by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, it sustained $2,197 worth of damage in a five-mile-an-hour crash. CBS interviewed one Yugo owner who recalled the car filling with blue smoke. He turned off the ignition, but the motor kept running and the smoke billowing until his wife, with sure intuition, switched off the lights. All in all, the Yugo seems to rate somewhere between Edsel and Chernobyl. The Yugoslav state got the idea to flood the West with it from Armand Hammer, who is rumored to be an American agent.

☐ An American donation of powdered milk to an irradiated Poland carried the condition that the offering be distributed by non-government agencies. Jerzy Urban, chief flack for the Polish Communists, countered by offering five thousand blankets and sleeping bags to the homeless of New York City—on the stipulation that they be distributed by private charities. New York Mayor Ed Koch responded that the bedding was not needed, unless the Poles wanted to give it to the Boy Scouts.

☐ FROM THE ACADEMY: A new publication titled *Academic Questions* examines the increasing politicization of scholarship and teaching. Published by Campus Coalition for Democracy, the monthly magazine looks at such subjects as "Moral Equivalence at Princeton" and "Education and Indoctrination at Kenyon." Not connected with any "watchdog" group, the coalition believes "an effective response to academic extremism must come from within the scholarly community itself, and should work to strengthen rather than undermine the ideal of academic freedom." Available from Campus Coalition for Democracy, P.O. Box 20132, Columbus Circle Station, New York, N.Y. 10023.

☐ "WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO . . . ?" DEPARTMENT: Sacheen Littlefeather—the Apache squaw chosen by Marlon Brando to turn down his 1972 Academy Award for Best Actor in order to protest treatment of "Native Americans"—never hears from the actor any more. She has written to him over the years and received no reply. "He contacts people when he wants to," says Miss Littlefeather. The former representative of the Native American Affirmative Image Committee now preaches Native American Nutrition, a dietary regimen the corpulent thespian needs more than peace-piping it with Sacheen Littlefeather.

☐ After several years of legal hassling, a court in Germany has ruled that the frogs in Mr. Lars Wendt's pond are free to croak in mating season, which, apparently, they already knew. We don't quite understand Germany.

☐ Mr. Lee Iacocca will shortly cap his accomplishments by selling Villa Nicola, a red table wine produced at his Italian hideaway. At $7 a bottle, it is apparently better filtered and less presumptuous than his autobiography, but that's all we can say until somebody sends us a sample.

☐ ERRATUM: In our editorial "Safer Is Richer" [May 23], we reported that Wayne State economist David Fand had "assembled evidence" suggesting a link between national security and a strong economy. The insight was originally Fand's, but the evidence was assembled by economist and columnist Warren Brookes.

☐ In case you think those things we elect to, what is it?, Congress, aren't paying attention, they have written and approved a "gender-neutral" and also marriage-neutral federal rape law, covering practically every unconsenting act on federal land, including wives with headaches, and any other current fancy you can think of, it's in there, all of which principally affects Native Americans, formerly Indians, who probably had enough federal troubles before this, and perhaps the stray New Yorker or San Franciscan bent on unusually forcible buggery, on federal turf, and remember, folks, this kind of compassionate supervision only costs a trillion dollars a year.

Migrating with Rose Bird

Though Capistrano's swallows roost
  Through summer into fall,
And Hollywood's a refuge for
  The strangest birds of all,
In Sacramento, Justice Bird
  Must leave her legal nest
Because, according to the polls,
  The voters think it's best.

W. H. VON DREELE

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☐ "Dissident stockholders" have nominated Mr. Gorbachev for the board of the Seabrook nuclear plant. "His membership on the board would send a clear message to the world that the company is not deterred by the Chernobyl accident," said a spokesactivist. Great! If he can get Seabrook in operation after all these years of obstruction, we nominate him for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

☐ Scientists say a newly discovered asteroid will miss the earth by three million miles this week, but much smaller ones pose the "most significant" hazard because they would explode high in the atmosphere like a nuclear airburst and possibly trigger nuclear war, see, and it seems that scientists can miss the earth by three million miles at times too.

☐ The British are planning a massive advertising campaign to lure American tourists back. We are staying home until they apologize for their reaction to the raid on Libya and dismantle the Labour Party. Can't be too cautious nowadays.

☐ This week's new health hazard is beef, well done, which is said to contain possible carcinogens. The finding contravenes a previous federal regulation requiring the overcooking of beef on grounds that you risk contracting salmonella by ordering succulent, red, delicious slices of rare roast beef. Which leaves only medium. Yuck.

☐ Lord Emanuel Shinwell, 101, "fiery Labourite," "one-time dock-front brawler," son of an immigrant Polish tailor, who became the oldest man ever to serve in Parliament, knocked down a slug of whisky, told his son, "I've had enough," and died. Way to go.

Contra-Indicated

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S Nicaraguan policy may yet survive the next fortnight, but if it does, it will be small thanks to him.

The Reagan Administration has supported the Contras since it came into office. Its reasons for doing so have been clear and compelling. The Sandinista regime is a tool of Moscow and Havana and an enemy of America. It is forcing a Communist state on an unwilling population at home, and gearing itself up to export its revolution throughout Latin America. The Contras represent a broad front of popular opposition; their victory would help America, and America should make sure that they win. The conservative movement, and the Reagan Administration, have made this case again and again. President Reagan went so far as to compare the Contras to the Founding Fathers. The Administration has repeatedly tried, most recently this spring, to push a military-aid package through a recalcitrant Democratic House.

In the midst of this political and military struggle, the Administration dispatched the State Department's favorite traveling salesman, Philip Habib, to Central America as a Special Envoy. Habib took especial note of the Contadora process. The Contadora countries —Mexico, Panama, Venezuela, and Colombia—have been trying to come up with their own solution to the Central American civil war for a number of years. They have finally got portions of a treaty on the table, and have given the Sandinistas a deadline of June 6 to sign it. Habib, incredibly, announced that, as soon as the treaty is signed, the United States will suspend its aid to the Contras. The White House, more incredibly still, did not repudiate him (except to suggest that the cutoff might wait until the treaty's "implementation").

There is a chance that the Sandinistas will not sign. They would be insane not to. The Contadora arrangement places a number of potentially serious restrictions on their sovereignty—expelling Cuban advisors, scaling back their monster army, taking the clamps off political opposition. But there is no credible enforcement mechanism. Meanwhile, the only force that has kept them to any extent in line—the pressure of armed free Nicaraguans—would be removed; removed, if Habib's eager endorsement holds up, as soon as the ink is dry.

It is true that the Contadora arrangement was cooked up by four Latin American countries. More important, four countries most directly threatened by Nicaragua—Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador—have signed on. But this is only to be expected. Action catalyzes consensus, it does not follow from it. So long as the Sandinista regime is a fact of life, its neighbors will make shift to live with it. If it were decisively confronted, they would fall into line too.

And anyway, since when does American policy hang on the deliberations of dictators—dictators within a two-days' drive from Texas, no less? If Reagan's analysis of the balance of forces was correct before June 6, it should be equally correct afterward. The Contras will not become suddenly unlike the Green Mountain Boys just because Daniel Ortega signs a piece of paper.

Habib's blunder brings into focus what has been a contradiction at the heart of Reagan's Contra policy, for all its rhetorical consistency. For years, the Reagan Administration has justified its support of the Contras to faint-hearted Democrats as a way of forcing the Sandinistas to mend their ways. That was not an incredible argument, but it has limits. It is impossible to apply pressure forever. The result of five years of measured American hostility is that Managua has not ameliorated the worst features of its regime one whit. The Contras must not be cast away in return for

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the promises of people whom we have no reason to trust. It is time Reagan and America began backing the Contras—to victory. Before that happens, the Administration has to get back on track. Jack Kemp has suggested recalling Habib. That would be an excellent first step.

Commencement Address, 1986 (Ho ho ho)

IT IS A pleasure to be here with you this morning amid the austere but also historic and, yes, beautiful environs of Harvard Yard. As I look upon these walks, I recall that Santayana strolled here, and Kittredge, and T. S. Eliot, and William James. And of course I congratulate you, the members of the Class of 1986, who also know these walks well, and have now completed your undergraduate work. By any measure, that is an important, a notable achievement.

However, I do not intend to give here today the usual sort of address to a graduating class—pointing with pride, viewing with concern, and ending with a hortatory peroration inviting you to play a leading role in the salvation of mankind.

The truth of the matter is that you have not been equipped to do so.

Nor will I insult your intelligence by telling you that you are the brightest and best-educated class ever to pass through these portals. Almost certainly, though you can point to growing sophistication in the natural and social sciences, the graduating class of 1886 had sounder instruction in history, in languages, in the long tradition of Western literature and philosophy, in economics, and in serious ethical reflection than most of you here this morning.

Aeneas and Moses, two figures no doubt vague to most of you, might well be said to have been the founders of the West and, by extension, the founders of this nation. Our national ancestors did not cross the Atlantic alone, for Aeneas and Moses accompanied them on their voyage, the one embodying the Roman ideal of citizenship, the other the Jewish idea of sacred transcendence.

Yet who among you knows, as our national ancestors did, Vergil's *Aeneid*, that great epic of the West? Who among you knows it even in the sublime translation of your own Harvard professor, Robert Fitzgerald? And who among you has reflected on Exodus, for example, another founding epic indeed, an epic of man's relationship to the transcendent God? The long Western tradition of reflection upon those books may be said to have created Western culture—your culture—but who among you knows them, or knows the texts that have reflected upon them? Who among you, for that matter, knows Plato or Aristotle, Livy or Tacitus or Dante? A member of the class of 1886, a member of the class of 1786, would scarcely know what to make of you.

Or think of economics, not a dismal but a luminous science. Look about you at the buildings here before us, the residence halls, the vast libraries, the lecture rooms populated by the ghosts of the generations who came before you. Have you ever reflected upon the fact that all of this—beauty and utility and aspiration all fused—was created in its physical aspect by the fortunes of great American entrepreneurs? It was owing to their economic creativity that Harvard and the other great private institutions of higher learning grew on these shores. All of this now spread before you was not created by the Department of Education, was not created even by the New Deal and the New Frontier, but by the men who built railroads, made steel, drilled for oil, mastered banking, or sent tall-masted traders across the seven seas.

And yet—I ask you this not at all rhetorically—is it not striking that the climate of economic opinion among you here is undoubtedly socialist, whether of the hard or the soft variety? Is it not true that your American heroes, to the extent that you have any, are those who moved things in a socialist direction? And this, up against all the evidence history presents about socialist performance? Your heroes are not those, past and present, who liberated human economic energies. Your heroes are people like R. H. Tawney, the benign English socialist, and Daniel Ortega, the not benign Nicaraguan socialist, and Nelson Mandela, who would clamp South Africa in a socialist vise if he were free to do so. Solzhenitsyn spoke here a few years ago but he returned home afterward, while the socialist tropism remains.

Which brings us logically enough to the hospitality of the American university to what can only be called junk thought. To be truthful, I have traveled to the campuses of this country, speaking often to students, and I have found the campuses to be greater bastions of conformity than any small town satirized by Sinclair Lewis or excoriated by H. L. Mencken. Sauk Center and Gopher Prairie and Zenith were centers of wild and unfettered speculation compared with our Ameri-

Mr. Meese Disagrees

In Mexico, where falling crude
Turns sunny dispositions rude,
Officialdom has learned to cope
By skimming from the sale of dope
Enough, for all I know, to halt
The drift toward national default,
While up in gringo country, they
Look more like zombies every day.

W. H. VON DREELE

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can institutions of higher learning. There is wider difference of opinion in a Marine Corps regiment or a Baptist tent meeting than there is today at Harvard.

I ask: Who among you today would dare to say that homosexuality is a perversion? No one, even though the *New York Times* called it such as recently as twenty years ago. How rapidly the Zeitgeist ventriloquizes you. And how many among you would advocate aid to the Contras or the Afghans? Who among you would aver that there is no quick or obvious remedy for the ills of South Africa? Who among you favor SDI? Or even nuclear energy, which you use? Who among you would dare to argue that IQ has a genetic component—even though most expert opinion does not doubt this? Who among you would not rather give an honorary degree to Helen Caldicott or Alan Cranston than to Margaret Thatcher or Ronald Reagan? The answer is: Not many of you. The American academy produces a herd of independent minds who graze like sheep on liberal fodder.

And yet, and yet, even in our Sahara of the intellect, mind does exist. And though your theological seminary here in Cambridge is a veritable *pons asinorum* of tentativeness, the deep, old issues are being addressed elsewhere in the culture. I would like to conclude with some genuine thought in the form of a quotation from the historian Gertrude Himmelfarb. Writing about Michael Oakeshott in a recent book, she asks whether culture and civilization do not depend upon positive belief, a question asked repeatedly by any number of people who actually do think. Professor Himmelfarb writes:

> *Skepticism is innocent enough, even attractive, in an* age suffering from a surfeit of principles and enjoying a plenitude of good habits. One can then rely happily enough on those habits without inquiring into their source, their substance, or the reason for their perpetuation. But when those habits become insecure or fall into disuse, the conservative must look elsewhere for the civilized values he has come to enjoy. Oakeshott is right to criticize the Rationalists for subverting all habits, the good together with the bad. But so long as he provides us with no means for distinguishing between good and bad, let alone for cultivating a disposition to do good rather than bad, we are obliged to look elsewhere for guidance —to invoke mind, principle, belief, religion, or whatever else may be required to sustain civilization.

Think about that. Think about it both historically and analytically. If you do, you will not all arrive at the same answers, but you will be of the company of the philosophers, and you will gaze into the knowing eyes of the metaphysicians of Ionia. —JEFFREY HART

"Well, at least this year we don't have to blame the weather."

Goldwater's Last Act

A SMALL MIRACLE took place in the U.S. Senate recently when the Department of Defense Reorganization Act was passed by a vote of 95 to 0. The most solidly conservative legislators in the Senate united with their most unabashedly liberal peers—and everyone in between—to enact a bill mandating the most far-reaching changes in U.S. military organization since the Department of Defense was created in 1947.

What made possible such an unprecedented legislative coalition on such a controversial issue? One man deserves a lion's share of credit: the Grand Old Man of the Republican Party, Senator Barry M. Goldwater. Firmly convinced that the U.S. Armed Forces are handicapped by a bloated Washington bureaucracy, by inter-service rivalry, and by lack of input from field commanders, Senator Goldwater made passage of such a bill his highest legislative priority upon becoming chairman of the Armed Services Committee in 1985. Together with the ranking Democrat on the committee, Sam Nunn, he breathed new life into a moribund staff study that became the kernel of the recently passed bill. Goldwater's legendary tenacity wrote the rest of the story. In recognition of his pivotal role, the Senate voted to title the bill "The Barry Goldwater Department of Defense Reorganization Act of 1986." Goldwater, who will retire in December, considers it the finest legislative achievement of his career.

The act, which proposes full-scale reorganization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the military command system, and the structure of the Department of Defense, has two overriding purposes. The first is to strengthen the influence of com-

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manders in the field over Washington-based managers in the uniformed military. Historically, the three- and four-star generals and admirals who head U.S. military commands around the world—the men who have to fight the wars—have not been given much of a voice in budgetary and policy debates back home. The bill should rectify this.

The second main objective of the bill was to ensure that national interests, as opposed to the sometimes narrower interests of individual services, receive full weight in top-level deliberations in the Defense Department. This was accomplished by strengthening the stature and authority of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and of the Joint Staff.

The present bill is not without its problems. Secretary of the Navy John Lehman, among others, has pointed to several shortcomings in the staff study that led to the bill. Many of the Navy's concerns, however, were taken care of in committee, so that even avidly pro-Navy senators—such as John Warner of Virginia—voted for the bill. Other potential problems can still be addressed in a Senate conference with the House.

It is fitting that the most significant military reform of President Reagan's term in office was the work of his precursor, Senator Goldwater.

PBS Custodiet Custodes

STATE-SUPPORTED public broadcasting is a complicated enterprise, little understood by the average American or, it sometimes seems, by public broadcasters themselves. Congress funnels federal money through the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, a private, semi-independent body. CPB passes most of it along to the public radio and TV stations. These, in turn, band together in membership organizations—the Public Broadcasting Service, National Public Radio, American Public Radio. Programs originate with the stations; with PBS, NPR, and APR; and with CPB.

This baroque system means that the taxpayer foots the bill for an awful lot of programming over which he has no control whatever—not even the ability to boycott a sponsor. That is deliberate: The creators of public broadcasting assumed, probably correctly, that commercial broadcasters would be unwilling to carry educational and culturally elite programs that the Great Society deemed desirable. Along with the Muppets and the Met, however, public broadcasting has increasingly gotten into public-affairs programming. Some of it—*Firing Line*, *Free to Choose*—has represented the conservative point of view. Some—the *MacNeil-Lehrer* shows—have been scrupulously impartial. Much of it has been accused—e.g., by *New York Times* television critic John Corry—of unthinkingly transmitting the dominant prejudices of the lowbrow intellectual: the prejudices of the Left.

At the Races

Like the favorite on the track,
Still ahead but slipping back,
Gary Hart will persevere
Though the icy touch of fear
Tightens as the bleachers call,
"Mario!" God save us all.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Corporation for Public Broadcasting is now considering a proposal by Board member and *NR* Managing Editor Richard Brookhiser to fund a content analysis of the stuff it presides over. Brookhiser has suggested bucking the study to Robert and Linda Lichter, a pair of social scientists who have been measuring media twitches on a host of issues—nuclear power, anti-Italian bias, violence—for years. Predictably, there have been a number of silly objections: that it will cost too much; that it is impossible; that it will bring (gasp) censorship.

Strictly speaking, the study itself will bring nothing. The numbers the Lichters come up with will then have to be interpreted by the Board; or, beyond it, by Congress. But this is an important question, which has been darkened by a lot of emotionalism over the years. It is in the public interest for public broadcasting to set the record straight.

Dinner with the Cardinals

LAST MONTH I received an invitation from Cardinal O'Connor to a dinner with Cardinal Lustiger. I was happy to accept. I knew there would be no deep Church secrets revealed at a dinner with some thirty guests, but it would be good to see the Archbishop of Paris at close range. Besides, I could present him with a copy of my new book, *The Eclipse of the Sacred*, a dialogue with the neo-pagan Alain de Benoist, recently published in France.

I am introduced. Yes, the cardinal knows my name and will read the book; the subject is close to his preoccupations. And yes, he would receive me, any Sunday evening at seven, after his homily in Notre Dame. Cardinal Lustiger was in New York for three days, after two weeks in Washington, Chicago, and Boston. He had been here before, in 1969, "a penniless parish priest." Now, people whisper, Lustiger is *papabile*.

We talk some more, but others too claim his attention. He is rather shy, as if embarrassed by his position and the limelight. His gestures are clearly not French; he seems serious and somewhat withdrawn, and he reminds one of an Eastern European college

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professor. Of the two after-dinner speeches, Cardinal O'Connor's flows the more easily, sprinkled with jokes and evincing a polished turn of phrase. Cardinal Lustiger answers in halting English, frequently turning to aides for an elusive word. The bishop of Staten Island sings Irish songs.

The guests: Mayor Koch, as much at home as New York's archbishop. I catch sight of Monsignor Oesterreicher, the founder of Jewish-Christian dialogue, wearing a golden, Hebrew-lettered *shalom* in his lapel. I am told he drafted the Vatican Council's "document on the Jews." My neighbor at table, a French Jesuit, is also a dialogue man; he lived in Israel for ten years and has fascinating stories to tell of the suddenly controversial Carmel at Auschwitz. Cracow's archbishop, John Paul's successor, has solemnly promised Jewish protestors to limit the number of nuns there to 22. Meanwhile Edith Stein, the convert philosopher, and Father Kolbe have statues in the main hall. Both were martyred there, and Edith Stein's beatification process is soon to begin.

Why did Cardinal Lustiger come to the U.S. just now? The reason is not too hard to guess: With Cardinals O'Connor and Law (of Boston), he is one of the group of bishops who swim against the tide. A worldwide episcopal network of exchange and consultation may be emerging. If so, its members are wise in not seeking too much attention; only the likes of Bishops Gumbleton and Hunthausen can be confidently self-assertive. The "Right," in this day and age, must use back streets, avoid media trumpets.

—Thomas Molnar

Chester Bowles, R I P

He represented a minor political sub-species, the Merritt Parkway liberal. He was also the male Eleanor Roosevelt, and to the eye of the discerning historian during the postwar years he might have foreshadowed the fact that in due course Connecticut would have the worst representation of all fifty states in the U.S. Senate: Christopher Dodd and Lowell Weicker.

Bowles graduated from Yale in 1924, went into advertising, and made a fortune at Benton & Bowles. During the war he was swept up by the Roosevelt Administration and both headed the Office of Price Administration and sat on the War Production Board. After the war he held a number of highly visible public posts—governor of Connecticut, UN jobs, twice ambassador to India, congressman, and Under Secretary of State in the Kennedy Administration. The New Frontiersmen privately regarded him as a windbag, and indeed, in his relentless public manifestations, he did usually sound like a delegate from UNESCO. Naturally, he was very popular in India. He is survived by, among others, his son Samuel Bowles, a Marxist professor of economics at the University of Massachusetts.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ AND THE PROPHET LOOKED ON THE TEMPTATION OF MALACHEY IN THE BOOK OF BUCKLEY AND HE SAW THAT IT WAS VERY GOOD.

STILL, HIS HEART STIRRED WITHIN HIM. HE WAXED WROTH, AND HE SAID TO THE LORD GOD, "HOW SHALL IT BE, LORD, THAT THIS SCRIBE SHALL BE SO SMOOTH OF TONGUE THAT HE SHALL HIMSELF SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE? THAT IS MY TASK, LORD, THAT THOU HAST LAID UPON ME LONG AGO."

AND THE LORD SAID UNTO MOSES, "BE THOU FIRM OF SPIRIT. I AM THE LORD, THY GOD. I KNOW ALL THAT HATH BEEN AND ALL THAT SHALL COME TO PASS. DO **THOU** MY BIDDING. WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, THEREFOR DO IT WITH ALL THY MIGHT."

AND IT WAS SO.

C.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Charlton Heston: If you think you can fool me by trying to play Moses this side of Hollywood, why you have a surprise coming to you. . . . By the way, er, what did . . . He . . . think of my *Temptation of Wilfred Malachey* tape? I mean, as if you knew. Best,
Bill

☐ Journalist-in-Space Project
Association of Schools of Journalism and
Mass Communication

Dear Mr. Buckley,

This is to inform you that your application was not among those selected for further review in the Journalist-in-Space Project.

The one hundred semifinalists, who were selected from more than 1,700 applicants, will be announced on or about April 24. We expect to announce the forty regional nominees from this group in May.

Thank you for your time and your interest. The enclosed certificate recognizes your participation in the Journalist-in-Space Project and is an expression of our sincere appreciation for your support.

Best wishes,
Albert T. Scroggins
Chief Program Officer
College of Journalism
University of South Carolina
Columbia, S.C.

Dear Mr. Scroggins: Okay, okay. So I won't be *NR*'s first Space Reporter. Maybe I'll figure out a way to

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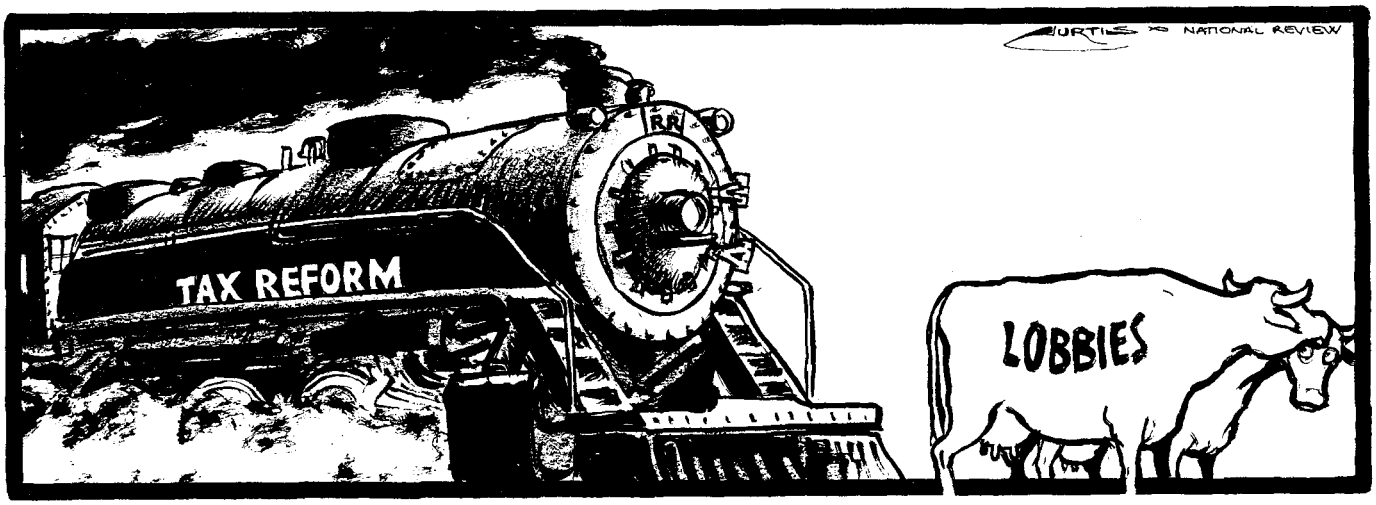

"Now here's our plan . . ."

get there first via the private sector, in which case I'll wave. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I have been reading your novels and following your marvelous creation, Blackford Oakes, for many years. I have just finished *High Jinx*.

I began reading your novels quite by accident, on a rainy afternoon waiting for the telephone repair man. I continued to read them because the character of Oakes, his background and experiences, remind me of the man who got me the work ("contract" project work in the paperwork end) that I did for the CIA during the Carter Administration (they'd hire *anybody* in those days).

I have read some of your nonfiction, and am also familiar with your views from television. Politically, we differ on most things. However, your novels are, literally, the only novels I read. I prefer nonfiction.

I may be the only abberation in the curve of your readership—but now you know that you have an aberation.

Sincerely,
Judy Baldwin
Long Island City, N.Y.

Dear Miss Baldwin: You have two aberrations (*sic*). Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I would like to offer two critical observations for the consideration of *NR*'s editors.

You seem to have more faith in the free-market economy than is warranted by reality. There are, no doubt, millions of Americans, myself included, who wish to purchase T-shirts with the eternal verity, "*Carthago delenda est*," printed thereon. I cannot find a single company that produces such apparel. It is possible, of course, that your man, Cato, knows something about this that I do not.

Secondly, I was aghast to see an NEA [National Education Association] ad (propaganda) printed in *NR*. Are you really that desperate for money? As a publicly educated friend of mine put it, "Who wooda thunk it?" Amen. You might at least have expiated your sin by printing a review of Blumenthal's *NEA: Trojan Horse in American Education* on the page opposite the offensive ad.

Nevertheless, I remain,

Respectfully yours,
Thomas S. Hunter
Warwick, R.I.

Dear Mr. Hunter: It is our impression that T-shirts saying anything at all are easily found. Try the Yellow Pages of the Providence phone book. If you fail, you can always call the Pentagon and ask where you can order a half-dozen at one thou apiece. . . . In answer to your next question, yes, we are desperately broke, always have been. We don't censor ads, and, on the other hand, no advertiser exercises censorship over us. Haven't seen Mr. Blumenthal's book, but the NEA has never been hospitably treated in *NR*. Cordially,
WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Don't you think it's about time you sent Blacky to Tripoli?

Regards,
Joel F. Schnoor
Schenectady, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Schnoor: Blackford Oakes, Yale 1951, is a professional engineer, who has traveled extensively—to London, Berlin, Stockholm, Moscow, Mexico, and Havana—practicing his profession, and has no idea what on earth you are talking about that would take him to Tripoli, save to build a bridge, or oversee, say, the construction of a monument to the then-late Mr. Qaddafi. Yours cordially, **—WFB**

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NO PACT WITH ORTEGA

On Capitol Hill, the fear is growing among members of both parties that if Daniel Ortega signs the Contadora peace treaty, it will derail President Reagan's $100-million Contra aid package, which has failed once already in the House but which Congress has been expected to pass eventually. Eight House Republicans led by Dan Burton (Ind.) sent a letter to the President asking him to clear up the "mixed signals" coming out of the White House. On the one hand, the Administration advocates Contra aid unconditionally; on the other hand, the aid is made contingent on whether Ortega commits himself to a treaty that is "verifiable, comprehensive, and binding on all parties simultaneously." Which is it?

Although a few experts give even odds that the Sandinistas will sign, consensus opinion on the Hill is swinging hard in the other direction. "Neither side is ready to sit down with each other," says Representative Sonny Montgomery (D., Miss.), who led a delegation to Managua ten weeks ago. Representative Ken Gray (D., Ill.), who accompanied Montgomery on the trip, likewise offers little hope for reconciliation. "The Sandinista military buildup shows what they're made of," he asserts. "How can we trust anyone who talks peace and carries a gun?" Gray, by the way, opposes military aid.

Yet the suspicion refuses to die that Ortega will indeed sign. The Sandinista leader knows that if he signs, he still has an out. To be legal and binding, a treaty brokered by the Contadora group must be ratified by the congresses of the signatory countries, a process that could take years. So, as a decoy, Ortega and friends will pretend peace-lovingness while pressing onward with their newly shielded belligerence.

On the supposition that a comprehensive Contadora treaty were agreed to by both the U.S. and the Sandinistas, Washington discussion then turns to enforcement. "Unless the enforcement has teeth in it," says a senior State Department official, "any agreement would be meaningless." The bite that the Reagan Administration has in mind is a force of 1,300 permanent monitors, working with a starting budget of $9.2 million, plus $40 million yearly to maintain the system and personnel in all five Central American countries. As a comparative outlay, that's cheap, say U.S. officials, especially when contrasted with the $1.5 billion the U.S. now spends in the region each year.

Actually, all of the above is an academic exercise for armchair conflict strategists. There will be no treaty, certainly not one signed by the United States. Daniel Ortega can't be trusted; Ronald Reagan knows it and so, increasingly, do members of Congress. The best recent information on conditions in Nicaragua under the Sandinistas was gathered by those four members of Congress led by Montgomery, whose visit to Managua began March 21, the day after the House rejected the President's aid package. This all-Democratic delegation also included Sandy Levin (Mich.), brother of Michigan Senator Carl Levin, and Buddy Darden (Ga.).

The delegation learned from unimpeachable, indigenous sources that human-rights abuses under the Sandinistas are rampant. The Permanent Commission for Human Rights (CPDH) counts seven thousand political prisoners, a much higher number than at any time during Somoza's rule. The Sandinistas currently pretend to dispense justice through the Popular Anti-Somoza Tribunals. These kangaroo courts operate outside the regular judiciary; charges are based on flimsy evidence at best, and fewer than 1 per cent of all defendants are acquitted. During the past two years, 1,500 people have been convicted in this "court." Since the beginning of the year, seven hundred Nicaraguans have been rounded up and jailed by the tribunal. The reason? They don't participate in Sandinista organizations—so, ipso facto, they are enemies of the state. High-minded advocacy groups like Americas Watch, the delegation was told, only complicate rights reform by glossing over Sandinista abuses while sensationalizing those of the Contras.

Labor unions are harassed unrelentingly by the Sandinistas. Although the Confederation for United Labor (CUS) operates within the law, the Sandinistas are out to destroy it. Recently, 19 of its members were jailed on trumped-up charges of murder and cattle theft. Yet, despite the hardships, 22,000 people are enrolled in the CUS, and 100,000 Nicaraguans support it.

The Catholic Church is persecuted by the Sandinistas. Its bulletin was banned, and the assets of its social-welfare organization seized. Radio Católica was suspended because it broadcast a sermon by a high-ranking Church official who described liberty as "a gift from God" (later, the station was totally shut down). Yet 80 per cent of Nicaragua's Catholics continue to support the Church, whereas the so-called Sandinista Popular Church has, despite Ortega's efforts to portray it as formidable, only a tiny backing.

Before the trip, the Montgomery delegation consisted of two hawks (Montgomery and Darden) and two doves (Gray and Levin). After the trip, the doves had molted a little. "The situation is more complicated when seen in Managua than from Washington," said Levin after returning. Most members of Congress now agree, which means that the Contras will get their aid, the war of attrition will stretch grimly on, and the Nicaraguan people will eventually topple their quondam revolutionaries turned dictators. □

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CAPITAL BULLETINS

McCARTHY LIVES

When Senate liberals go on the warpath against Reagan judicial nominees they usually cloak their political designs. The case of Daniel A. Manion of Indiana, nominated for the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit, blows their cover.

Democratic Senator Joseph Biden told Manion after his second hearing three weeks ago, "I think you are a decent and honorable man, but I do not think I can vote for you because of your political views."

Biden's candor was exceptional. For the most part, the liberal campaign against Manion has followed the now familiar method of trying to knock off an ideological opponent by conjuring up a collection of pseudo-scandals so numerous as to defy effective refutation.

Among the heinous offenses with which Manion is charged is that as an Indiana state legislator he co-sponsored a bill permitting the Ten Commandments to be posted in schools. "Horrors!" his critics cry. "Manion's bill defied a Supreme Court decision taking the contrary position. We cannot make a man a judge who does not accept the rule of law." Nonsense. Manion wasn't defying a court order, he was suggesting a reform. The Court had struck down a law *requiring* the Ten Commandments to be posted; Manion's bill would only have *permitted* them to be posted. [A point we ourselves missed in "The Week," June 6. —ED.] Moreover, as Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has pointed out, to disagree with the Court is not to defy it. Later Courts often reverse earlier rulings; new legislation is a common catalyst of such change.

Another example of Manion's alleged disrespect for the Court is his support for an Indiana bill requiring that creationism be taught alongside evolution in public schools. This may not be a good idea; it is hardly defiance of the Court, which recently agreed to review the constitutionality of a similar Louisiana law struck down by the Fifth Circuit, suggesting that at least some Justices think it constitutional.

The sleaziest charge against Manion is that he once wrote an approving letter to a library affiliated with the John Birch Society. He did. What his critics don't mention is that the letter was a thank-you note for a letter of condolence on the death of Manion's father, a Birch leader. Would Joe McCarthy have used so crude or so cruel a smear? —Maggie Gallagher

BIRTH OF A CONSERVATIVE STATE?

Liberal Republicans may be getting pretty scarce these days, but in Oregon the species thrives. Only five Republican U.S. senators have both an ADA rating of over 60 per cent and an ACU rating of under 40 per cent. Two are from Oregon.

This year, Oregon's all-too-typical Republican gubernatorial candidate is Norma Paulus, who recently told a group of Portland businessmen, "What the Republican party needs is a Geraldine Ferraro," making it clear she would be happy to be considered for the position.

But times may be a-changing in Oregon. Liberal Republican Senator Robert Packwood was challenged in the May 20 primary by an attractive conservative newcomer: Baptist minister Joe Lutz. Lutz lost by a surprisingly narrow margin (57 to 43 per cent) and raised well over $200,000 for the fight. Some think his candidacy may turn out to be the beginning of a new conservative movement in Oregon.

Even in defeat "he becomes a catalyst for a continuing organized conservative movement in Oregon," says Peter Gemma, Executive Director of the National Pro-Life PAC. "Up until this point, the movement has been mostly some right-to-lifers, anti-tax people, and, a few years back, some anti-busing people. But they never coalesced around a single candidate, issue, or organization. Lutz seems to have brought all of these diverse elements together in his campaign."

Whether the 35-year-old Lutz can transform his grass-roots campaign into a durable conservative movement is uncertain. But John Gizzi, political director of the Congressional Majority Committee, is optimistic: "He's mobilized so many new people to come into the party, including some folks who gave up their jobs just to work with him."

—Charles Bork

MUDDYING THE MAINSTREAM

It was billed as an historic occasion: "the first national political meeting of progressive Republicans ever held." On April 25-27, something called the Republican Mainstream Committee held its first national leadership conference in Chicago.

The committee is Iowa Congressman Jim Leach's brainchild, intended to revive the comatose liberal wing of the Republican Party. The group first coalesced around an attempt to influence the 1984 Republican platform. Its mission? "To move our party away from excessive reliance on ideology and back to its base of sensible pragmatism," according to the 1984 Mainstream Manifesto.

"Mainstreamers" insist they aren't against conservatives, as long as they're the right kind of conservatives. "Is it conservative to deny jurisdiction of the World Court? . . . Is it conservative to reject the call for women's rights embodied in the ERA? . . . Is it conservative to nationalize women's bodies by suggesting the abortion option be precluded by constitutional amendment?" the Manifesto wonders.

Optimistic staffers predicted three to four hundred GOP moderates would attend the April conference; only 170 showed up. In addition to Leach, prominent Mainstreamers in attendance included Mary Louise Smith, former national party "chair" and saleswoman for the ERA, and former Representative John Buchanan, chairman of Norman Lear's People for the American Way. Only one presidential aspirant accepted the group's invitation to speak:

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Delaware's Pierre S. du Pont IV, former governor and U.S. representative (ACU: 45 per cent).

Since du Pont is known to be seeking conservative support for his presidential bid, his appearance was a surprise and, Mainstreamers thought, a coup. Then he gave his speech.

"What happened in America in the early 1980s, happened in Delaware in the late 1970s, and in neither case . . . was it 'voodoo economics.' "

Silence. The ladies began folding their arms over their chests.

"Those who would create that opportunity are called Republicans, we are called conservatives, we are called optimists."

Souring faces, shifting bodies.

"Without marketplace competition," he declaimed, "our scholars are nowhere near as good at teaching as they should be . . ."

"Next thing you know he'll be pushing vouchers," whispered one woman, clearly irritated.

". . . and an educational voucher system for the disadvantaged will introduce some of that competition."

Shaking heads, disbelieving laughter around the table. There was polite applause at the end, but many hands remained pinned under folded arms.

"I'd have gotten up and left if they'd fed us beforehand," griped one hungry Mainstreamer. Another noted that all the other speakers had received standing ovations. She had voted for Mondale in 1984.

Eight Mainstreamers were asked: If Mainstreamers represent the Republican political center, name one Republican politician you consider to be on the Mainstream's left. Six were completely stumped. Two named Connecticut Senator Lowell Weicker (ACU: 33 per cent); Weicker turns out to be on the group's national advisory board.

—Steven Baer

THE KREMLIN LOBBY

When White House Communications Director Patrick Buchanan, prior to the recent congressional debate over Contra aid, in effect asked: Is Democratic foreign policy pro-Soviet? he was roundly condemned for having perpetrated an "authentic McCarthyite smear," as Michael Kinsley of *The New Republic* put it. But Buchanan was speculating not about liberal motives but about the objective effects of liberal Democratic policy. The chart below compares the liberal Democratic positions on major recent defense and foreign-policy issues with those of the Reagan Administration and those of the Gorbachev government. For simplicity, the chart uses Tip O'Neill to embody the liberal Democratic view. Analysis of the chart reveals the following:

—Correlation between Reagan and O'Neill positions: 17 per cent.

—Correlation between Reagan and Gorbachev positions: 17 per cent.

—Correlation between O'Neill and Gorbachev positions: 89 per cent.

The last figure is stunning. On virtually every crucial foreign-policy question, it shows a practical correspondence between the objectives of Soviet policy and the recommendations of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party.

As Joseph Sobran has put it, "Maybe liberals don't have Soviet interests at heart, but if they did, how would they behave differently?"

—Dinesh D'Souza

Issue	Reagan	O'Neill	Gorbachev
Pershing deployment	Yes	No	No
Cruise-missile deployment	Yes	No	No
Neutron bomb	Yes	No	No
Aid to Contras	Yes	No	No
Grenada intervention	Yes	No*	No
U.S. abiding by SALT II	Yes	Yes	Yes
Lifting grain embargo	Yes	No	Yes
Strategic defense	Yes	No	No
Nuclear freeze	No	Yes	Yes
Aid to Angolan rebels	Yes	No	No
Aid to Marxist Mozambique	Yes	Yes	Yes
MX missile	Yes	No	No
B-1 bomber	Yes	No	No
Disinvestment in South Africa	No	Yes	Yes
Trade sanctions against Soviets	Yes	No	No
Sanctions against Nicaragua	Yes	No	No
Military aid to El Salvador	Yes	No	No
Aid to Afghan rebels	Yes	Yes	No

*O'Neill's position changed to one of grudging support later on.

BOMBS, NOT BOOKS

You can slash defense, you can rip law enforcement, but when you cut into the Library of Congress's budget, people get mad. Librarian of Congress Daniel Boorstin is so upset that he declared the cuts in the library budget were "a historic disaster" comparable only to "the burning of the ancient Library of Alexandria in Egypt."

In the same vein, a lawyer employed by a Ralph Nader group organized a sit-in on the theme "Books, Not Bombs" to protest cuts in reading-room hours. Thirteen firebreathing book-lovers were arrested during the first week after the new hours went into effect.

One day during the protests, the Reverend Jesse Jackson dropped by to save Western civilization. Seizing and holding aloft a little girl reading *Watership Down*, Jackson declared, "We are here to fight for access to books because books represent the oxygen for our minds." He added, in what may have been a tempting offer to some, "Give us libraries, give us books, give us food, give us jobs, or give us death!"

In fact, the reading-room cutback and other service reductions may be unnecessary. In time-honored bureaucratic tradition Boorstin is striking back at Congress by cutting the library's budget in such a way as to irritate the largest number of constituents. The almost one-third cut in reading-room hours should, for instance, reduce personnel needs, but the library plans to cut only three hundred of its 5,200 jobs this fiscal year. In a burst of

(Continues on page 60)

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TOKYO AND AFTER

PRESIDENT REAGAN was visibly and audibly happier after the Tokyo "economic" summit than before it. So was Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. So was I.

This said, there are degrees and limits to the elation engendered by the unprecedented readiness of the other five summiteers to put their names to a common-sense declaration of common objectives, with special reference to international terrorism. There can be few other subjects in the world that evoke such a generalized reluctance to face facts and spell out the truth.

First, the good points of the summit. To have persuaded such leaders as Chancellor Kohl (!) and President Mitterrand (!!) to commit themselves to common action on terrorism is, let us admit it, an amazing achievement for the Reagan-Thatcher duo. The Mitterrand case is particularly striking. In an interview with the Japanese newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun* on April 28, the French president announced that the French people (to be precise, his word was "we") were ready to join in "an international anti-terrorist organization, with the police forces, the secret services concerned with intelligence and action, and, if necessary, a military follow-up."

Commenting on this stunning volte-face, the conservative *Le Figaro* recalled that a mere two years ago, at the London summit of June 1984, the same President Mitterrand categorically refused to include "co-operation in the fight against terrorism" in the order of business. Mitterrand hasn't changed, and the volte-face proves the point. Mitterrand hasn't changed, because variability and adaptability are his unchanging characteristics.

In 1984, Mitterrand had a Socialist parliamentary majority to contend with and, consummate politician that he is, knew his party wouldn't like him to be so bold as to face up to the reality of terrorism. Now, he has a (bare) conservative majority and a Gaullist premier in tow (literally: you will recall that Mitterrand reached Tokyo by Concorde, while Chirac chugged along behind in a B-747).

The seven summiteers and representatives of the European Community committed themselves to an impressive list of measures:

—Refusal to export arms to states sponsoring terrorism;

—Strict limitations on the size of diplomatic missions to such states;

—Denial of entry to all persons expelled from any of the signatory nations on suspicion of involvement in terrorism;

—Improved extradition procedures; and

—The closest possible bilateral and multilateral cooperation between police and security organizations.

A strong and relevant statement. The weaknesses lay in the omissions. The only country specifically named was Libya. In a later clarification, President Reagan mentioned Syria as in the same category. Neither the common declaration in Tokyo nor subsequent statements by individual leaders mentioned the role of the Soviet Union.

This flagrant omission is interesting for various reasons, not all of them obvious. Since his simple, factual, and accurate reference to "the evil empire," Ronald Reagan, tacitly yielding (I suppose) to the advice of his professional diplomats, has tended to avoid the kind of comment that might be held to compromise his second summit with Mikhail Gorbachev. (William Casey, Director of the CIA, was considerably less reticent in his outspoken speech on April 7, which predictably offended the professionals in the State Department.)

One is bound to recognize the natural limits of collective Western action against the Soviet Union in the matter of international terrorism. Facts, however, are stubborn. The USSR is the major international base for terrorism, with its training camps, its provision of arms and money, and its central guiding strategy. A strong case can be made for spelling out the facts, and indeed explaining that it would be unacceptably dangerous for the United States, say, to bombard the Military Academy at Simferopol, on the Black Sea, where the PLO terrorists receive their training.

At least such frankness would help to dispel the quite profound public ignorance of the USSR's role in international terrorism and to dent the almost infinite complacency of Western media in avoiding the subject. It would also be generally helpful in educating some of our quite amazingly ignorant Western politicians who seem to think that Qaddafi's sponsorship of violence is self-generated, or who have never heard of the Soviet-Syrian Friendship Treaty.

Closing Ranks

IT IS relevant, perhaps, to confess that I have finally succeeded, very late in the day, in reading all the way through (as distinct from selective dipping) the eight hundred pages of Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*. Not the least striking passages in this tragic work are those in which the "witness" describes the automatic liberal hostility and closing of ranks in the face of his disclosures about the underground Communist ring to which Alger Hiss belonged.

A similar conspiracy of silence, an emotional barrier fed by skillful disinformation, prevents a true appraisal of the current situation and the Soviets' role in it. Still, Tokyo remains good news. Even if no direct action can be taken against the Soviet Union, the world would be a far safer place if the summit governments lived up to their pledges of action against the peripheral sponsors of terrorism. □

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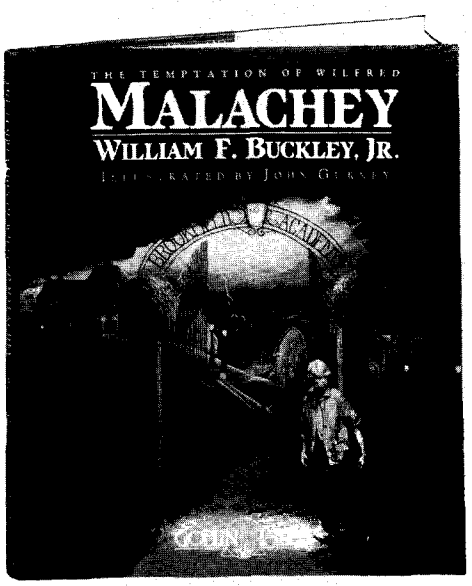
What?
Bill Buckley has written a children's book?

Yes, he has, and a darned good one too. *The Temptation of Wilfred Malachey* is a fascinating tale for kids, a thriller with a touch of the supernatural and a powerful appeal to the imagination. It's aimed at young readers from eight to thirteen (but *adults beware*: if you read the first few pages you'll be hooked too!).



Malachey is an ingenious fairy tale brought up to date. It has all the old ingredients—an ancient curse, a decrepit prep-school setting—and something new: a fearsome goblin who makes his appearance on a computer screen.

Any intelligent child will enjoy this book—even those who haven't had the slightest experience with a real computer (of course many *have*, these days). The plot is intriguing: Wilfred attempts to bargain electronically with OMEGAGOD, the goblin of the computer. It's fun and instructive—it's hard to imagine a youngster who wouldn't be tickled pink to get a copy of *The Temptation of Wilfred Malachey*, and, who knows, it might spark interest in more and better reading.

Right now you can get this beautifully printed, beautifully illustrated book ($10.95 retail) as a FREE bonus just by subscribing to *National Review* for a full year (25 big issues) at the regular $34 rate. If you're already a subscriber there's no problem either—simply extend your present subscription for another full year beyond its current expiration date (*whenever* that is, we'll handle it properly).

Malachey is guaranteed to delight any child you know, and let's face it, WFB isn't likely to write *another* one. So send for your FREE copy of this remarkable book right now. Fill out the handy card opposite this page and return it to us today. We'll send the book to you without delay. But please do it now before our precious, strictly limited supply of *Malachey* runs out. Many thanks.

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PLEASE, MR. POSTMAN: THE TRAVAILS OF RICHARD VIGUERIE

DAVID BROOKS

THE POSTMAN must have looked menacing to Richard Viguerie last fall. In late August he brought Viguerie notice of a law suit from a paper company. It wanted the $146,000 he owed it. A month later he got one from a printing company; it wanted $70,000. In early December, Maryland National Bank sued for $783,000. Then Western Union sued; so did a computer-rental firm ($500,000) and the firm that sells Viguerie the plastic membership cards he doles out to his clients.

Revenge comes even for mailmen. Over the past twenty years, about 600 million Viguerie-spawned letters have weighed down the mailbags of our letter carriers. If you are on his mailing lists you probably feel most of them were addressed to you. But in 1985 the man who revolutionized (some say corrupted) direct-mail political promotion took a tumble. It was a tough year for all conservative direct-mailers, but Viguerie fell further than anyone. Still, nobody is writing any obits, either for him or for conservative direct mail. A lot of people in Washington—including some conservatives—wish they could.

A leftist named Harold Oram created the political direct-mail industry during World War II, to raise money for Loyalist refugees from the Spanish Civil War. One of his protégés was a young liberal named Marvin Liebman. After the war Liebman changed his politics, and hooked up with the founders of NATIONAL REVIEW. In 1960, he started raising funds for the newly created Young Americans for Freedom. When it became clear that he couldn't do the job alone, he placed a help-wanted ad in *NR*, which was answered by a young Texan, Richard Viguerie. Liebman says Viguerie was a country hick who needed to be reminded not to wear white socks with dark suits, but in matters of fashion and fundraising, he was a quick study. At the end of 1964, after the Goldwater defeat, Viguerie left YAF and headed to Washington to form his own direct-mail company. It has been widely rumored ever since that Viguerie stole the YAF mailing lists when he departed, but, except as an example of how readily sinister stories attach themselves to him, the rumor isn't worth much. Viguerie claims that he took no names with him when he left. Liebman says he gave Viguerie obsolete metal Addressographs containing the names of YAF contributors. When he rode into town, Viguerie proclaims, "there really wasn't a conservative movement worthy of the name." There were a few Old Right groups, but they seemed to despair of ever making conservatism a popular movement and took comfort in being an embattled minority.

Viguerie rejected the assumption that there was only a small clique of people who would contribute to conservative causes, and he helped create a gaggle of activist organizations, most of which were far more energetic and effective than the existing conservative groups. With Paul Weyrich and Joseph Coors he created the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, which in its first year, 1974, raised twice as much money as the comparable Old Right organization, the Conservative Victory Fund. With Howard Phillips, Viguerie created the Conservative Caucus. He also had a hand in forming the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) and, over the next several years, literally dozens of other groups. When his offer to buy *Human Events* was turned down, he founded *Conservative Digest*, which went on to lose $4 million over the next decade.

In 1972, Richard Nixon did Viguerie a favor by covering up the Watergate conspiracy. A wave of campaign-reform laws limited the amount big donors could give to a campaign. From then on, candidates would have to rely on small gifts from lots of donors, and for that, they would need Richard Viguerie. The Leadership Institute's Morton Blackwell worked for Viguerie during the mid and late Seventies. He says he can scarcely remember a week in that period during which Viguerie was not approached by a hopeful politician or activist seeking his services. Viguerie turned down many, including, for ideological reasons, George McGovern. By 1977 he had thirty million donor

Mr. Brooks criticizes movies for the Washington Times, and the rest of the world for NATIONAL REVIEW.

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names on his top-secret computerized lists. That year he mailed 76 million letters, employed three hundred people, and issued billings of more than $10 million.

For most people, the New Right/Old Right debate was clinched in 1980. The New Right won. Without direct mail, and the organizations that depend upon it, Ronald Reagan would not have been nominated and the Republicans would not have captured the Senate. But if the Old Right concedes the potency of New Right techniques (and there were never many policy differences between the two groups) it does not mean that conservatives now go around licking Viguerie's stamps.

Marvin Liebman, who helped start the whole thing, says, "The direct-mail business now, for my money, is one of the great ripoffs on the public ever created." Lou Ingram, a longtime activist, puts it more politely, "I think it is a needed business which has a questionable side to it. It is sort of like the automobile business. There's just something about the economics of it that militates against being honest."

The most common complaint against direct mail is that it cajoles little old ladies in Dubuque to send their hard-earned money to Washington thinking it goes to causes they believe in, when, in reality, most of it goes into the pockets of the direct-mailers. In 1980, Old Rightist Alan Crawford wrote a slashing attack on New Right techniques, called *Thunder on the Right*, that cited many of these charges. In 1974, Crawford reports, Viguerie raised $198,568 for Americans for Effective Law Enforcement, and took 90 per cent of that for himself. The next year AELF stopped using Viguerie, and fundraising costs dropped to 43 per cent of contributions. In 1971, Crawford says, Viguerie raised $1.2 million for Citizens for Decent Literature, 84 per cent of which went to his own company. In 1977, Viguerie raised $802,028 for Bibles for the World, at a cost of $889,255, or 111 per cent. Crawford's implication was that if you send a hundred dollars to a conservative organization, no more than ten of them go to the cause.

If direct-mailers really grabbed 90 per cent of the take, the business would be a horrendous scam, but it is not that simple. Direct-mailers wage fundraising campaigns in stages. First, the client and the mailer select the list of potential donors. Suppose, for example, you were starting an organization to promote SDI. You might want to try a list of one million people who have already given to pro-defense groups. For a fee paid up front, the mailer will send out a test appeal to a small percentage of the list. If the results are promising, he will mail the whole list.

To be judged successful, that first mailing need only break even. Even a small loss isn't necessarily bad. In these early stages the goal is not money, but to build a "house list" of confirmed donors. Given a typical 2 per cent response rate, and a typical annual gift of $25, your SDI group might raise $500,000 from an initial mailing costing $400,000. Of that, you might use $40,000 immediately to stage a conference. At this point, Alan Crawford comes in and complains that of the $400,000 invested, you spent only $40,000 on the cause.

Crawford goes off to write his book and some time passes. Your SDI group still has $60,000 in the bank from the initial prospecting. You use that money to send out a more expensive package to the twenty thousand people who have already given: the house list. Now you stand to make some real money. A house list is the gift that keeps on giving. Roger Craver, the king of liberal direct mail, says that if an issue stays hot, 40 per cent of the people on a house list will give every other month for an average of five to seven years. That rate seems very high, but Lou Ingram says that if you mail to your own list eight times, you will receive a 100 per cent response. That is, if there are twenty thousand people on your list, you will get twenty thousand donations. Once you start relying on your house list, usually at least 40 per cent, and as much as 85 per cent, of the money raised will be available for the cause. The moral for donors is that they should pick one organization they like, and keep giving to it.

The critics who charge that direct-mailers take ninety cents of every dollar for themselves are wrong, but they have nosed out the contradictory dynamics of the direct-mail industry. Direct-mailers get paid a flat fee for every letter they send out, usually around five cents. Thus, their interest is in sending out a lot of letters. Moreover, the client's interest—raising a certain amount of money—does not necessarily put a brake on the mailer's desire to mail. Your SDI group wants to raise $100,000 net. If the first one million letters cost $400,000 and gross $500,000, giving you your $100,000, you may not object if the mailer sends out an additional million letters that pay for themselves by grossing another $400,000. In fact, mailing more letters serves your interest too, because it gets your message into more people's mailboxes.

But if the Old Right concedes the potency of New Right techniques (and there were never many policy differences) it does not mean that conservatives now go around licking Viguerie's stamps

Thus direct-mailers have at least a short-term incentive to overmail, and their clients may have little incentive to stop them. The only people who are consistently hurt by overmailing are the donors.

Meanwhile the big firms, Bruce Eberle now, Richard Viguerie before his slump, own subsidiary companies that do printing, mailing, and list rental, for which they collect additional fees. So, above all else, the direct-mailer wants to keep your organization mailing. If your group is about to go under, he might "give" you seed money, which, in reality, amounts to a coupon you can redeem only by hiring his services. Or, if yours is a fledgling group, he will help mold it into the type of organization that relies on direct mail. Throughout its growth period, and perhaps throughout its existence, your group will remain in debt to him, spiritually and financially. You will keep on mailing, both to raise money and to keep your biggest creditor happy.

The directors of an activist organization will happily go along with this cycle of debt. It keeps them in a nice

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office on Capitol Hill making a decent living, and serving the cause they believe in. As long as the direct-mailer doesn't call in their debts (which he won't unless they try to move to another mailing company) they are all too happy to keep rolling along.

But what about the legendary fraudulent activist groups that pocket the money, doing nothing for the cause? I looked for them; I didn't find any. All the suspect organizations I examined can make a case for their existence—though for many, it is a very weak case. What I did find is that the direct-mailers' need for clients spurs a proliferation of marginal activist groups. One standard device for these groups is the "poll" or "position" mailing, which asks donors to register their views on an issue and, while they are at it, to enclose a few dollars to support the cause. The sponsoring organization may well present the petitions to Congress or the White House, where they may do a little good, but not enough good to justify the money. (It should be noted that more legitimate organizations may use the same techniques.)

Direct mail can have a pernicious influence on campaigns. In his race for President in 1980, Representative Phil Crane reportedly went deep into debt to Viguerie.

Everything Viguerie touched turned to gold. The feeling around town was that he could drop envelopes into the Atlantic and they'd float back stuffed with money. Then disaster struck

Close friends of Crane told me that, burdened with red ink, Crane had to become more strident to draw the eighty thousand contributors that eventually pulled him out of the hole. In the process, he said enough nasty things about Ronald Reagan to poison their relationship forever.

If the game works so well, why did Richard Viguerie spend last year collecting more suits than Brooks Brothers? Essentially, he surrendered to the system's built-in incentives to overmail. Since the game requires that the mailer finance his clients, in a business downturn he can be left holding a bunch of worthless IOUs. Viguerie did just that—he fronted too much money for too many projects. The problem was not necessarily greed. Viguerie often turns down potential clients that seem to offer the prospect of a quick dollar. But he compensates for this virtue with another virtue, his unparalleled commitment to the conservative movement. "We would say nasty things about him," one prominent conservative told me, "but we owe him too much." Viguerie fronts money to groups that he knows he will never make money on. He donates large amounts of money to organizations and candidates who aren't clients. He mails for groups that no other mailer will touch. He has also trained a dozen Young Turks in the business of direct mail, and then given them his blessing to go off and directly compete with him. Mailers and organizers such as Ann Stone, Steve Winchell, Mike Gretschel, Jim Martin, and Larry Pratt all worked for Viguerie before setting out to form their own firms.

"My purpose is to build a movement," Viguerie says, "not to make money. I am not aware of any other [direct-mail] agency that uses its resources to advance the movement." Roger Craver sums up Viguerie's troubles with the proverb, "No good deed ever goes unpunished." But if virtue played a role in Viguerie's difficulties, so did ego.

In 1985, Viguerie decided to run for lieutenant governor of Virginia. After a career spent attacking establishment Republicans and infuriating the Republican leadership, he went seeking the party's blessing in a primary. Party regulars welcomed him with closed arms. The losing fight cost him half a million of his own dollars and, more importantly, about five months of his time. Why did he run? One advisor says that it was because he needed an escape from the pressures of his business; this was his version of a binge. The more common view is expressed by Marvin Liebman: "Richard is vaguely—and I mean this lovingly—an egomaniac."

Until the year of the race, almost everything Viguerie touched had turned to gold. The feeling around town was that he could drop envelopes into the Atlantic and they'd float back stuffed with money. Then disaster struck in the form of two ill-fated mailings, one for the pro-gold group Ruffpac, another for NCPAC. Apparently Viguerie didn't test the lists as he should have (remember the overmailing incentive), and then, devastatingly, the subcontractor hired to actually mail the letters dumped them into the garbage—not, unfortunately, an unknown problem in the direct-mail business.

In this instance it cost Viguerie dearly. NCPAC owes him $3.3 million, and it cannot pay. Other groups owe Viguerie as well. The *Wall Street Journal* has reported that seven conservative groups owe Viguerie a total of more than $4 million. Viguerie recently sued the National Tax Limitation Committee for $900,000, arguing that it violated his contract. Fundraiser Alan Gottlieb says that Viguerie negotiated the NTLC "up a wall" on contract terms and then ran up huge debts prospecting. Then, after an unsuccessful mailing, which the NTLC blames on the Viguerie Company's incompetence, the NTLC couldn't pay. Finally, compounding tragedy with comedy, Viguerie borrowed $1.1 million to invest in a gimmicky Showtime Pizza Restaurant, which promptly went bust.

Fighting back from these disasters was especially difficult because 1985 was a terrible year for all conservative direct-mailers. Though some single-issue groups did reasonably well, broad-based organizations took a bath. The Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee lost $4.5 million on its January mailing of more than twenty million letters.

Some observers concluded that conservative direct mail had hit its saturation point. The *Washington Post* ran an article intimating the end was at hand. It was wishful thinking. Since the fall of 1985, conservative direct mail has rebounded. Average contributions, down to $10 during the slump, are now back to $17. Average response rate has gone up from 2 per cent to 3 per cent.

Will Viguerie bounce back with the industry? So far he seems to have recovered well. At his low point, he sold his beloved *Conservative Digest*, laid off some of his most senior people, and even tried to sell some of his grade-B

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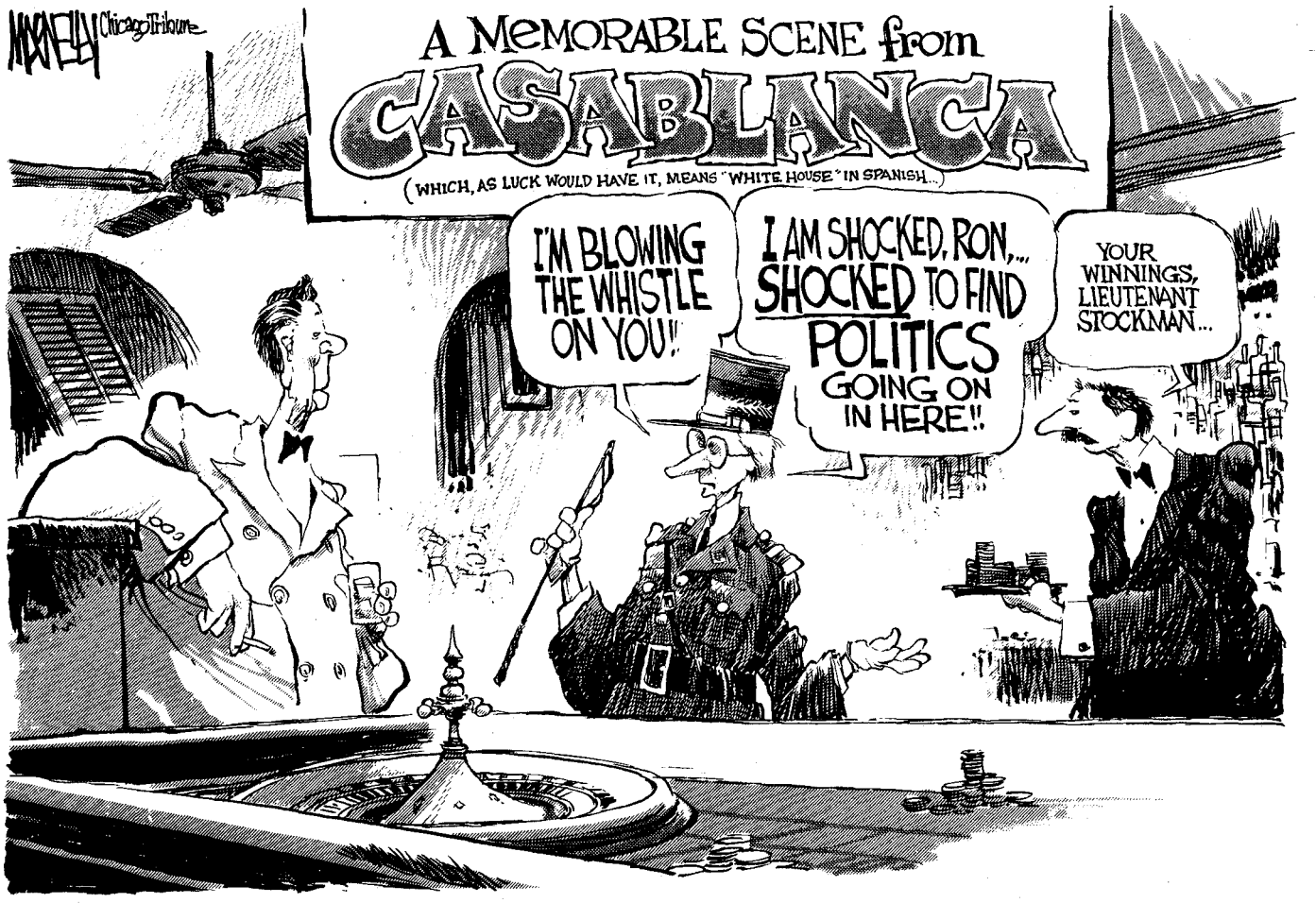
lists. He seems to have cut his staff from three hundred to seventy. Today he claims his staff is back up to 220. Alan Gottlieb says Viguerie can still outperform industry leader Eberle, and other sources insist he still has the best lists in the business. In the past two months he has signed seven new accounts, and by midsummer he expects to have another eight. The clients themselves represent a significant shift for him. By next fall, fewer than half his clients will be political groups, and within a year, he estimates, approximately 40 per cent of them will be commercial businesses.

He still faces obstacles. Several important conservative organizations have adopted the practice of using several firms to handle a mailing. The Conservative Caucus used to hire Viguerie exclusively. Now it accepts bids. Viguerie's reputation as a tough contract negotiator scares clients. Finally, many fellow conservatives are alienated by what they see as Viguerie's insufficient loyalty to the Republican Party and Ronald Reagan. Political consultant Fred Mann reflects the opinions of many conservatives when he charges that Viguerie never supported Reagan when it counted. In the 1980 race he supported first John Connally and then Phil Crane, because he could never get Reagan to hire him as a mailer.

Would a comeback—for Viguerie and direct mail—be a good thing, or was direct mail wrong from the start? Several years ago, the leaders of the New Right, including Viguerie, consciously decided to turn the other cheek when slapped by Old Right attacks. Their intentions were good—they didn't want to exacerbate sectarian splits—but the effect has been to silence the debate over the excesses of direct mail. When they do defend themselves, New Rightists justify every letter on the grounds that it is advertising, not just fundraising. Because of liberal bias in the major media, Viguerie says, "direct mail is our evening news."

That argument, however appealing, is ultimately false. For one thing, in its ratio of costs to revenues, direct mail is far more expensive than most advertising. More importantly, advertising is directed at the uninformed public: Direct mail preaches to the choir. The value of a list is determined by the ratio of true believers to non-believers. Finally, if direct mail is the evening news, it is more slanted than any network broadcast. Direct-mail letters, almost by definition, are hysterical. They oversimplify issues. They distort reputations.

Because the activists cannot themselves guarantee the quality of direct mail, it will be up to the rank-and-file. Donors must learn to judge a letter by what an organization has already done, not by what it opposes. They should look to see who signs the appeal letter. Once they pick an organization they should stick with it as long as it gives satisfactory performance. And if they are thinking of giving large amounts, they should write to the organization demanding a list of its accomplishments. It is not impossible that people will learn to do these things. Markets often grow more efficient over time as consumers gain information and buy more wisely. The resulting, more competitive, market might make Richard Viguerie, tycoon, very unhappy. But it should make Richard Viguerie, conservative idealist, ecstatic. □


MAHONEY Chicago Tribune
A MEMORABLE SCENE from
CASABLANCA
(WHICH, AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, MEANS "WHITE HOUSE" IN SPANISH...
I'M BLOWING THE WHISTLE ON YOU!!
I AM SHOCKED, RON,... SHOCKED TO FIND POLITICS GOING ON IN HERE!!
YOUR WINNINGS, LIEUTENANT STOCKMAN...

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PSYCHOANALYSIS VS. SEX EDUCATION

CRITICISM OF "sex education" in the past few decades has come mainly from outraged parents and political and religious leaders whose instincts tell them that premature and amoral instruction in sexuality can deform a child's moral or psychological development. But when attacked, and indeed ridiculed, by professional educators, parents particularly have a difficult time defending themselves. They do not know how right they are, or indeed how many allies they have. Most traditionalist parents, for instance, probably think of Freud and his descendants as the enemy. Yet from a psychoanalytic point of view, sex courses as given today are a disaster. The relevant psychoanalytic facts are both well established and well known. The truth is that typical sex-education courses are almost perfect recipes for producing personality problems and even perversions later in life.

Sex is an intimate affair. People in love seek total privacy during their sexual intimacies. Intrusions of others into their sexual life arouse intense feelings of shame and resentment. Monogamous, intimate love, which the popular sexologists like to claim is merely an option, is an integral part of the sexual instinct. Contemporary sex-education courses not only disregard this need for intimacy, they explicitly violate it.

Moreover, in human beings the sexual instinct is composed of two parts, an affectionate part and a physical part. For human sexuality to be complete, there must be a confluence, a coming together of the affectionate and physical components of the sexual instinct. Sex-education programs from kindergarten through high school continuously downgrade the affectionate, monogamous nature of human sexuality. Sex education, whether purposefully or not, desensitizes students to the spiritual quality of human sexuality. In addition, sex courses break down the students' mental barriers of shame, disgust, and morality, which are the natural, inborn mental dams that control base sexual urges.

Repeated psychoanalytic observations show that in human beings, unlike any other creatures, sexuality occurs in three main phases. The first phase occurs at birth and lasts until about the sixth year. This phase itself is divided into three main stages.

The initial sensual pleasure in life is derived from the sucking associated with the infant's need for nourishment. The sucking stage usually comes to an end around the second year. During the next stage, the child's main sensual pleasure is attained through expressions of aggressiveness. Sexual aggressiveness consists of the desire to master another by force rather than by wooing. Such cruelty is a primitive vestige that remains in the human sexual instinct.

The aggressive stage passes into the third stage of childhood sexual development around three years of age and continues up until the fifth or sixth year. This third stage is exhibitionistic and voyeuristic in nature. The predominant sensual impulse of the three- to six-year-old child is "to see and show nudity." This can be seen in the innocent but unmistakable sensual excitement of a young child gleefully running about the room nude after a bath.

Normally children pass through these stages quickly. Indeed, for the sake of normal development, children should not be encouraged to linger in any stage, for if they do so their further sexual growth may be arrested. In *The Psychoanalytical Treatment of Children*, Anna Freud makes clear the dangers of being sidetracked:

> There is only one factor in childhood which has such central importance that its impairment through a neurosis calls for immediate action: that is the child's ability to develop, not to remain fixed in any stage of development . . . the seriousness of an infantile neurosis [should] be judged not according to the damage which it does to the activities and attitudes of the child . . . but according to the degree to which it prevents the child from developing further [sexually].

Yet very early sex education often consists largely of temptations to linger in one particular stage of development. The sex instruction given to some very young students consists, in part, of repeated demonstrations of nudity, genital anatomy, and how humans and animals mate. Three- to six-year-old children who are repeatedly given such instruction (and kindergarten programs are becoming common) may become fixed in the need for exhibitionistic and voyeuristic pleasure in their later sex life. Freud certainly believed that indulging children in an excess of exhibitionism and voyeurism could impair sexual growth (see *Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*), and case histories reported by innumerable practitioners since have confirmed his view. In such cases the eye may replace the genital organ as the primary sexual site. Sexual growth ceases and "seeing and showing" becomes the main sexual aim.

Especially risky are sex courses that allow young children to watch sexual intercourse. Numerous psychoanalytic case histories have shown that when children are permitted to watch people mate, they may come to regard the sex

→

Dr. Anchell has been engaged in the practice of medicine and psychology for more than forty years, and is the author of five books and numerous articles on human sexuality. He recently served as an expert witness to the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography.

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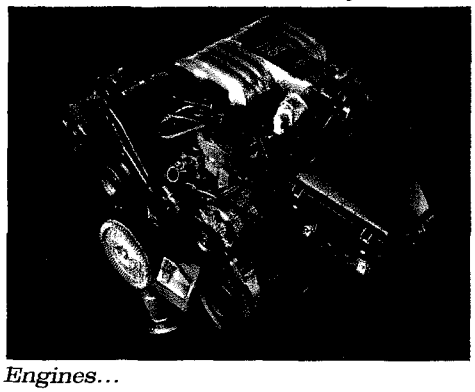
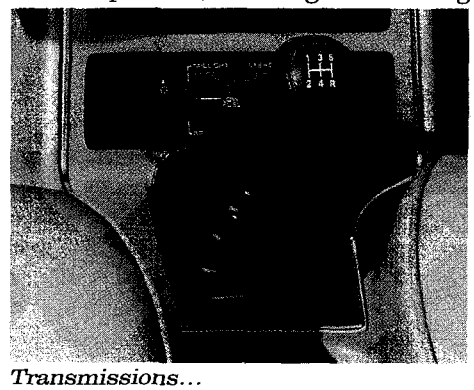
According to a nationwide survey, Lincolns, Mercurys and Ford cars and trucks are the highest quality vehicles designed and built in America.

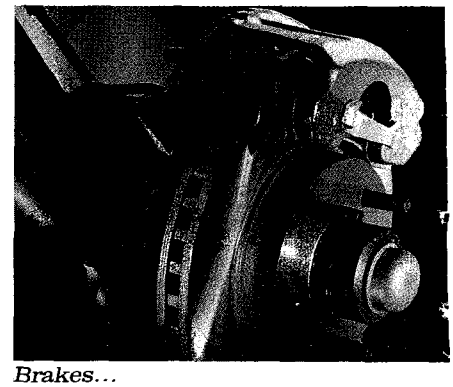
The 220 questions in the survey covered all vital components, including the following:



Engines...



Transmissions...



Brakes...

The survey questioned over 50,000 drivers. Completed in July 1985, it covered owner-reported problems during the previous six months. The survey included vehicles as new as 1984 and those up to four years old. It served as an indicator of how the quality of Lincolns, Mercurys and Fords compared to the quality of competitive makes and models. And, as a group, Ford Motor Company products came out on top. That's the kind of quality you can expect to find in the cars and trucks we're building today.

Buckle Up—Together we can save lives.

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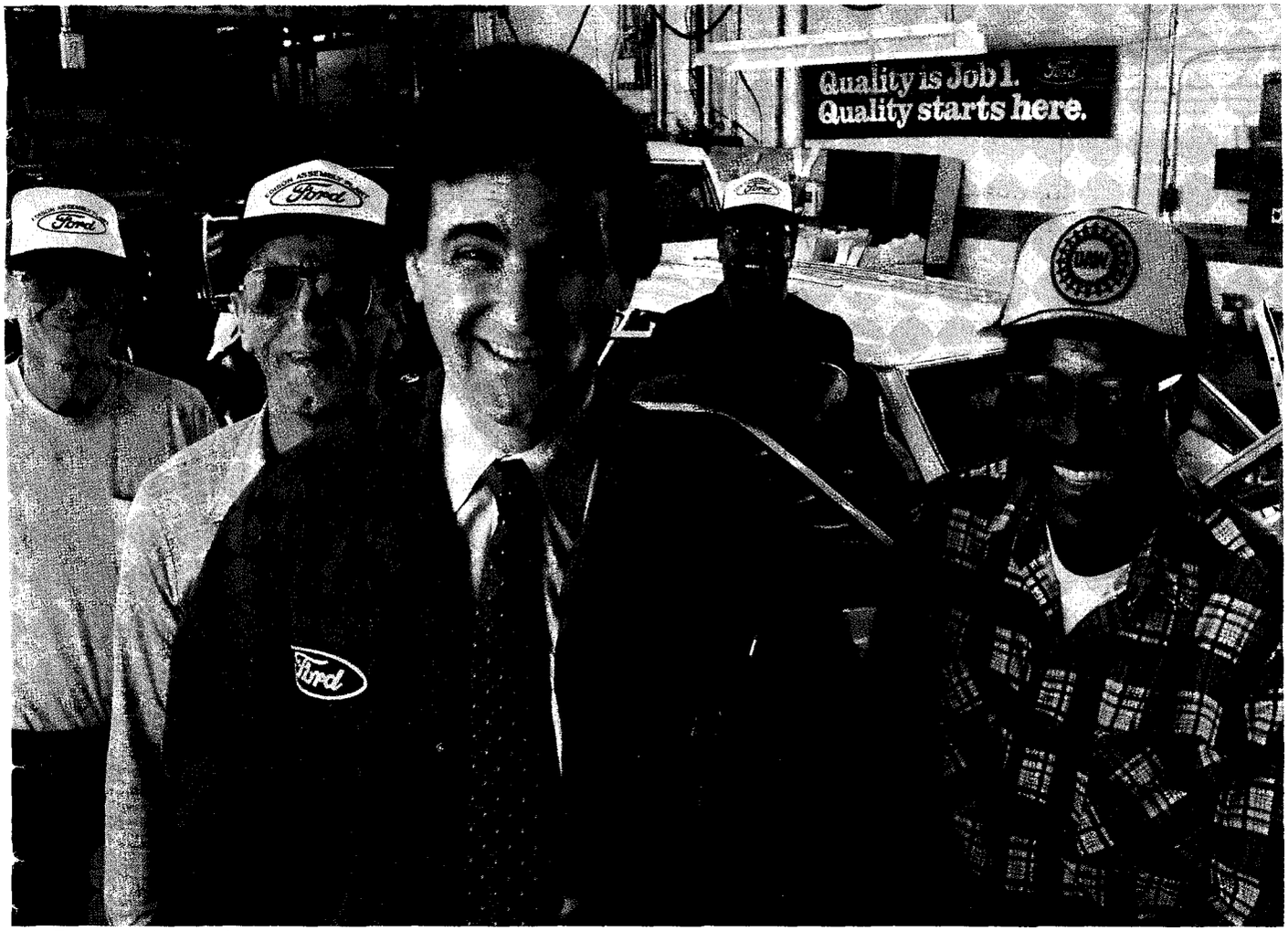
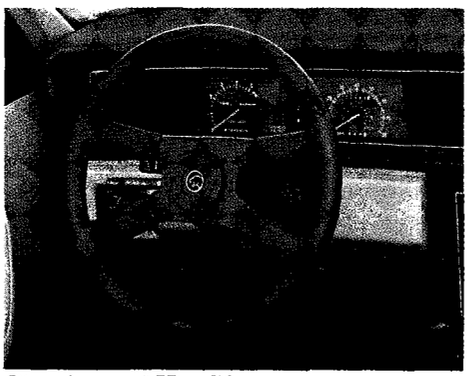
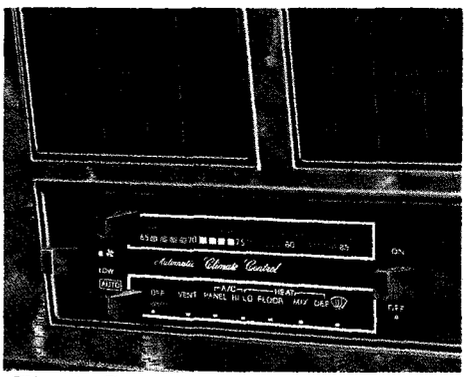


John Battiato and members of the chassis team at Ford's Edison, New Jersey Assembly Plant are among thousands of Ford employees committed to making Quality Job One.

ectrical and Accessories...



Steering and Handling...



Climate Controls.

That's what happens when you make Quality Job 1.

Ford

Ford • Lincoln • Mercury • Merkur
Ford Trucks • Ford Tractors

Quality is Job 1.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL
FIRST DAY COVER COLLECTION

History Comes Alive When You Join in this Historic Event.

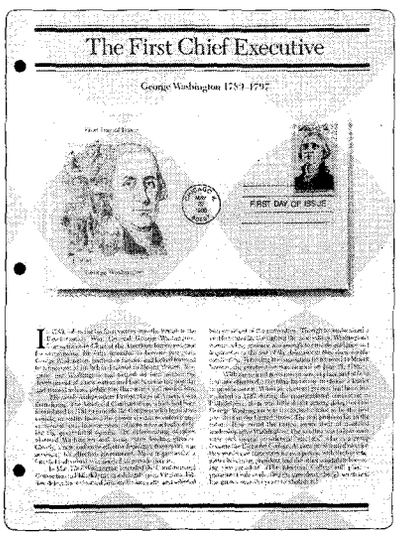
First class commemorative stamps provide stirring portraits of each president
First Day of Issue
1 P M
Andrew Jackson
Thomas Jefferson
George Washington
CHICAGO, IL
MAY
22
1986
60607
FIRST DAY OF ISSUE
Original cachets are illustrated with fine line montages by Tom Palmer
A "First Day of Issue" cancellation officially records the date and place of issuance

One-of-a-kind Album Pages Present In-depth Coverage of Each Presidency

A Truly Significant and Historic Stamp Issue

Rarely is the issuance of new postage stamps an historic event. But that's exactly what will happen when the United States Postal Service puts on sale a new set of 36 stamps honoring the nation's past presidents.

This is the first time that all deceased presidents of the United States are being saluted together in one "commemorative" issue. Though many of them were honored once before on a U.S. stamp series—in 1938, almost a half century ago—this was a "definitive" issue, in which the stamps remained available for years. Living persons are not depicted on U.S. stamps, so this set will feature 35 past presidents and the White House. "Commemorative" stamps, which are larger in size and "commemorate" a specific person, place or event, are issued in smaller quantities and are available for a **limited** period of time.



The issuance of the Presidents' Series will also mark the May 22nd opening of the once-in-a-decade "World's Fair of Postage Stamps" in Chicago.

International Postal Marketing (IPM), a leading world philatelic authority, has been working for more than a year to provide you with the most significant way to participate in this occasion: The IPM Presidential First Day Cover Collection.

Original Cachet Art, Signed and Numbered, Commissioned **Exclusively** for this Collection

In addition to bearing the official U.S. Postal Service "First Day of Issue" cancellation, the 36 stamped envelopes (called "covers") will be further enhanced by fine-line art montages (called "cachets") depicting highlights in the lives and times of the presidents—from George Washington to Lyndon Johnson—

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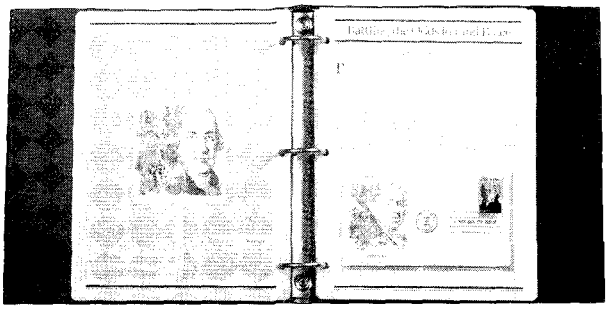
whose terms have spanned almost 200 years.

Respected artist and illustrator Tom Palmer was commissioned early in 1985 to create these masterpieces, and only this advance planning made it possible to provide a unique continuity of art style throughout the set. The carefully crafted cachet art is signed and numbered by the artist. You can well imagine the time it has taken for one man to research, plan and create the works you will see.



To promote their future value, the covers are not addressed and are preserved in protective sleeves of Dupont Mylar. This is the same material safeguarding the country's priceless historical documents in the Library of Congress.

Only the IPM Presidential Collection Delivers So Much Well-Researched, Probing Editorial About Each President

Each cover is mounted on its own 8½" x 11" album page containing, in almost 1,500 words, a carefully documented mini-history of the president it honors. You'll gain new insight and a new appreciation for the men who have been entrusted to lead this great nation.

A Deluxe, Gold-Stamped Album and Slipcase To Display and Protect Your Collection

The pages are presented—in proper sequence—in a handsome, heavily padded, gold-stamped album and slipcase prepared exclusively for your IPM Presidential Collection. No assembly is required, because IPM has done all the work. You can begin enjoying your collection from the moment it arrives at your door.

Quantities Are Limited

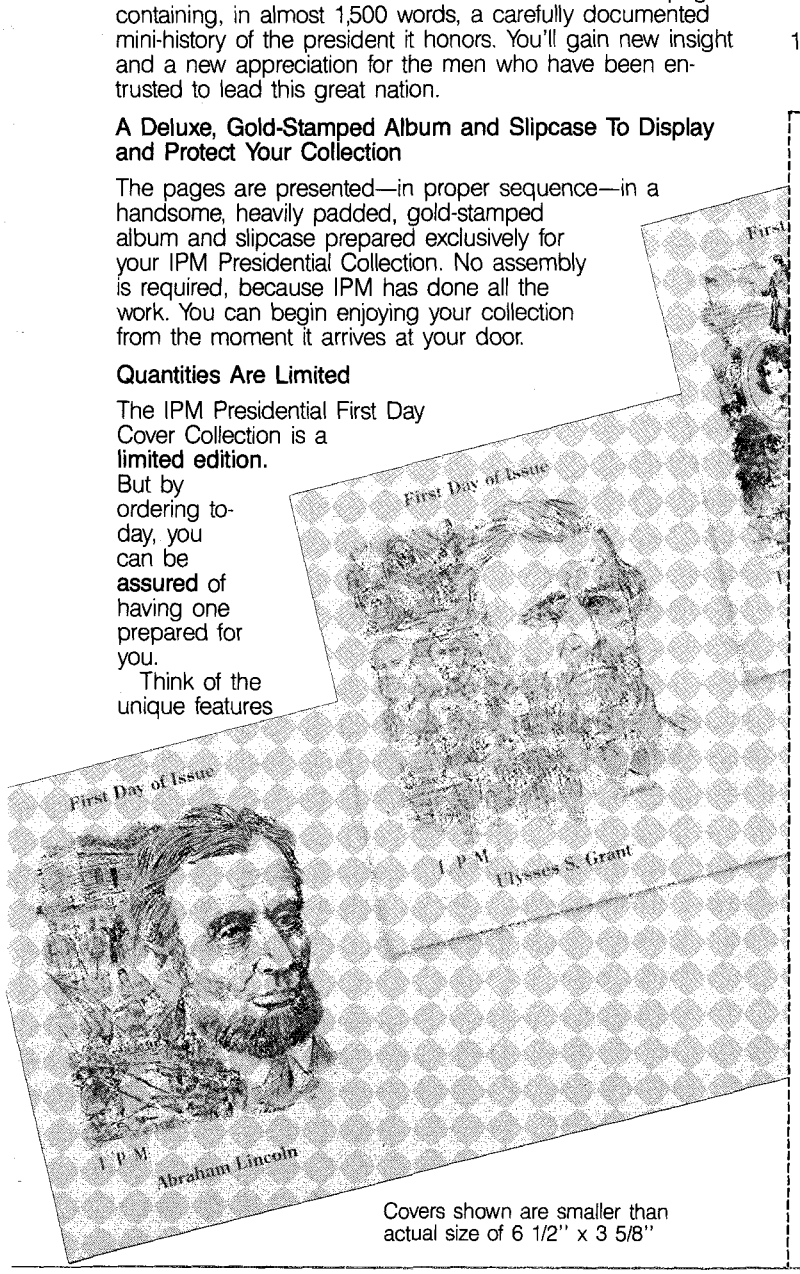
The IPM Presidential First Day Cover Collection is a **limited edition.** But by ordering today, you can be **assured** of having one prepared for you.

Think of the unique features the IPM collection includes: The historic, first-time appearance of a commemorative issue honoring all 35 of our deceased presidents and the White House...cachet art commissioned **exclusively** for this collection, signed and numbered by noted artist/illustrator Tom Palmer...an official "Chicago, Illinois, First Day of Issue Cancellation"...unmatched editorial focus on the life and times of each president...the most durable protective cover mounts available...and a sturdy, attractive album created just for this collection.

To reserve your collection, simply choose one of the convenient payment options outlined below. And you **must** be satisfied, or your money will be refunded.

Don't let this moment in history pass you by. Order today.

IPM Corporation
115 Main Road, Montville, N.J 07045



Covers shown are smaller than actual size of 6 1/2" x 3 5/8"

PRESIDENTIAL FIRST DAY COVER COLLECTION RESERVATION FORM

☐ Please reserve _____ Collections for me. (There is a limit of 2 collections per order.)

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ APT# _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Payment Options

☐ I have enclosed a check for $21.50 to reserve my collection. Bill me every 30 days for the five remaining payments of $21.50 each. My collection will be shipped to me within 4 weeks of my second payment. Price includes postage and handling charge. New Jersey residents, please add 6% sales tax ($1.29) with each payment. If I am not satisfied, I may return the collection within 30 days and receive a refund of any payments I have made.

☐ Reserve my collection by charging my 1st payment of $21.50 to my account:

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Credit Card Number _____

Expires _____ Interbank No. _____ (MasterCard Only)

I understand that five additional payments of $21.50 (N.J. residents add $1.29 sales tax) will be charged to my credit card account at 30-day intervals. My collection will be shipped within 4 weeks of my second payment. If I am not satisfied, I may return the collection within 30 days, and any payments already made will be credited to my credit card account.

Signature _____
(All credit card requests must be signed)

Single Payment Discount

Purchase your collection in one installment and save us the cost of five billings—**we'll give you a $20 discount.**

☐ I'm taking the Single Payment Discount Option and enclosing a check for $109 (N.J. residents add $6.54 sales tax).

☐ Charge my credit card listed above at the single payment price.

Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery. If I am not satisfied, I may return the collection within 30 days and receive a full refund, if payment is by check. Refunds on charge payments will be credited to individual's credit card account.

Mail Order To: IPM Corporation, 115 Main Road, Montville, N.J. 07045

NRM0686

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act as a sadistic subjugation—an abuse—of the female. Freud noticed this as well:

> If children at this early stage witness sexual intercourse between adults . . . they inevitably regard the sexual act as a sort of ill-treatment or act of subjugation. . . . an impression of this kind in early childhood contributes a great deal toward a predisposition to a subsequent sadistic displacement of the sexual aim.

A vast amount of psychoanalytic experience suggests that the majority of adult perverts are products of premature sexual seduction in early childhood. Seduction is not limited to actual molestation. A child can be seduced, in psychoanalytic terms, by overexposure to sexual activities, including sex courses in the classroom. For Freud, the psychoanalytically relevant aspect of seduction was that it "treats a child as a sexual object prematurely and teaches him how to obtain satisfaction from his genital zones, a satisfaction which he is then obligated to repeat again and again."

In early life, there are often brief intervals in which children have inclinations to fondle their own genitals. If such behavior is encouraged, as it may be by early sex education, incessant masturbation may continue right through childhood, and the child's fascination with its own genitals may lead to serious perversions. A girl child led to engage in early sex play by sex instruction may become a nymphomaniac for whom the sex act is merely a compulsive urge to repeat her early seductions.

EARLY CHILDHOOD, for all its psychosexual perils, is not the only danger zone. The second major phase of sexual development occurs in the six- to 12-year-old child, at whom much of today's sex instruction is aimed. This second sexual period is known as latency. In this period direct sexual feelings are usually quiescent. For most children it is a tranquil period. During latency, the sexual energies of the child do not disappear, but are redirected by the mind and are used to serve other purposes. According to Freud, "powerful components are acquired" from these redirected sexual energies "for every cultural purpose," one of the most important being education. And there is no doubt that children of this age are most educable. Some of the problems the schools today have with increasingly unruly children may stem from disturbances of latency. If this is the case, sex-education courses must take part of the blame.

But we are concerned here with more than academic success. Much of a child's moral development is at stake in this period. Freud argues that "it is during latency that mental forces are built up which are later to impede the base sexual instinct. These mental forces or dams include disgust, feelings of shame, and the claims of aesthetic and moral ideas." These mental barriers are inborn; however, to be effective later in life they must be strengthened during latency. The sex education given to six- to 12-year-old students interferes with proper sexual maturation by keeping the sexual impulses stirred up, disrupting both sexual growth and personal and cultural achievements.

Not infrequently, sex educators applaud the bold, immodest behavior of their student protégés and proclaim such behavior a sign of increased social acumen. In truth, the personality traits that they applaud are the early characteristics of the psychopath—that is, an individual who cares about others only insofar as they can serve some purpose for him.

Psychopathy in pre-teen children has reached alarming proportions. Pre-teen murders, pregnancy, and criminality are becoming more frequent. Yet the six- to 12-year-old who has not been sexually disturbed is normally a most responsible individual and among the least likely to be involved in sociopathic behavior. It is impossible to draw a straight line between crime statistics and pre-teen sexual indoctrination; but it is absurd to ignore the powerful psychosexual forces to which young people are being exposed.

Sex educators teach students to distrust the values and morals of parents and indeed of the Judaeo-Christian religions. The educators encourage inexperienced youths to develop their own values, which, in fact, consist of having no values at all.

An examination of any ordinary sex-education "teacher's guide and resource manual" makes the point. In this regard, the manuals provided to schools by Planned Parenthood are classic. The section on "sexuality and values" discusses three topics only. The first is "human sexual responses," which is based on the reports of three hundred or so "paid volunteers" and prostitutes hired by Masters and Johnson to engage in sex acts while monitored by viewers and electronic devices. The second topic is "masturbation." The "masturbation values discussion" consists of explaining and sanctioning all methods of acquiring self-induced sexual emissions. If parents object to open masturbation, the students are advised to masturbate more privately in order to avoid arguments.

The third and final topic discussed in "sexuality and values"—a section that is supposed to give young people better values than the established ones—is "homosexuality." Homosexuality is taught as a normal variation. The manuals advise sex teachers to bring homosexuals into the classroom to give students first-hand information about how homosexuals conduct themselves sexually. Students are taught that homosexual acts are normal and beneficial. All this instruction tends to undermine growth in the latency period.

THE THIRD and final phase of human sexual development begins in puberty, usually around the age of 13, and continues throughout adolescence and early adulthood. In this final phase, latency comes to an end and direct sexual feelings are reawakened. In the case of adolescent boys, the reawakened sexual energies are directly and obviously centered in the genitalia. The erotic feelings and behavior of adolescent girls follow a very different course.

Because her genital structures are biologically unready and because her feminine psychology is not completely established until late adolescence, the adolescent female's eroticism, though it may be very powerful, focuses somewhat less on intercourse and more on fantasies and dreams, kisses and caresses, the wish to love and to be loved, and sometimes thoughts of having a child. Her sensual feelings are not inseparably entwined with the sex act, as they are in the male.

Nature has its reasons. The girl's natural reluctance serves to strengthen the affectionate and spiritual nature of sex. Adolescent chastity is essential for the spiritualization of sex. Through this spiritualization, the adolescent learns to

(Continues on page 60)

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HARVARD'S BLACKBOARD REVOLUTIONARIES

CONSIDER this paradox: In American public education, "excellence" is something the masses force on the elite. Most professional educators oppose reforms such as competency testing, but right now these reforms are advancing anyway because parents and politicians are playing unusually aggressive roles. Clearly this situation cannot continue. Eventually the laymen will be distracted by other concerns and the professionals will reassert themselves. If, by then, the professionals have internalized the laymen's norms, that won't be so bad. But if professional ideology is unaltered, education will then drift backward.

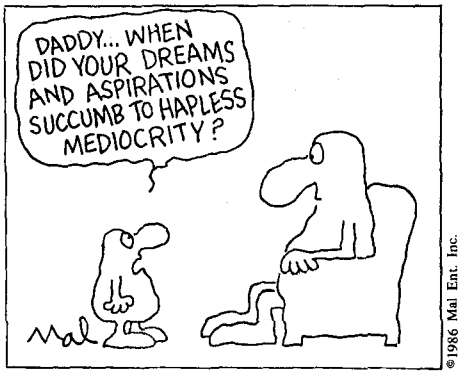
That's why it's so depressing to read the *Harvard Educational Review*, the most influential educationist journal. The *Review* speaks for and to an unrepentant professional constituency—one whose chief regret about the educational upheavals of the 1960s and 1970s is that they did not go far enough. This constituency sees today's back-to-basics movement (to quote a *Review* editorial) as laying "the foundation . . . for racism to be fashionable again." It explicitly seeks to politicize the schools: In the words of another editorial, "to resculpt education and make it a useful tool for social change."

What kind of "social change"? The *Review*'s 1985 special issue on "International Education," for example, has an account of how a faction of radical young Jesuits, inspired by the teachings of Brazilian neo-Marxist Paulo Freire, took over a school in El Salvador and ousted traditionalist Jesuit teachers. The article purports to be a scholarly study, but in fact it is written entirely from the radicals' point of view.

The issue also includes a piece by Tanzanian despot Julius Nyerere that amounts to a press release for his country's statist school system; an essay-review that takes for granted the premise that Western wealth causes Third World poverty; and a memoir of the Spanish Civil War by an International Brigade veteran who evidently has the same high opinion of Stalinist Russia today as he had in 1936. On the other hand, the issue has a sympathetic account of fugitive academic seminars in Jaruzelski's Poland—the sort of underground intellectual life that might now be necessary in Spain if the International Brigade's side had won.

That issue seems even-handed compared with the 1984 special issue on "Education and the Threat of Nuclear War." Not one of the *Review*'s 14 articles on the subject advocated any of the major alternatives to disarmament, such as deterrence or strategic defense; in fact, not one even gave these concepts more than a scornful sentence or two of discussion.

The *Review*'s editors realized that this topic was "intrinsically political and controversial" and that therefore "the decision to teach about it . . . raises questions about the purpose of education." Some would say that one question is whether an educator should free his students' minds or shackle them to his political views; but not the editors: They only ask whether the subject demands "merely awareness, or activism as well." Their only (mild) doubt, in other words, is whether they should *mobilize* other people's children; indoctrinating them they take for granted.



Not surprisingly, the *Review* is a stronghold of what might be called "liberation pedagogy"—the educationist equivalent of liberation theology—in which Marx is the dominant theorist, though usually at second or third hand. One of liberation pedagogy's leading lights, often cited and praised in the Harvard *Review*, is Paulo Freire.

Besides being a Jesuit and a neo-Marxist, Freire is a former advisor to UNESCO and the World Council of Churches. His vision of education, explicitly utopian and revolutionary, is so intimately tied to what most non-Marxists would call "propaganda" that he even coins a new word for it: "conscientization." In books such as *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, Freire offers conscientization as a weapon of class struggle against "myths indispensable to the preservation of the status quo" such as "the myth of private property as fundamental to personal human development." Traditional schooling, he says, sustains such myths because its true, hidden purpose is "domestication." By contrast, "the revolutionary process is eminently educational in character," though with some chilling reservations: Even after a popular revolution has come to power, "dialogue between the former oppressors and the oppressed . . . continues to be impossible."

Freire denies any private realm of conscience or intellect beyond the reach of his revolutionary re-educators: " 'Cultural revolution' takes the total society to be reconstructed, including all human activities, as the object of its remolding action." Thus his lyrical

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. Uzzell is an editorial writer for the Scripps-Howard News Service.

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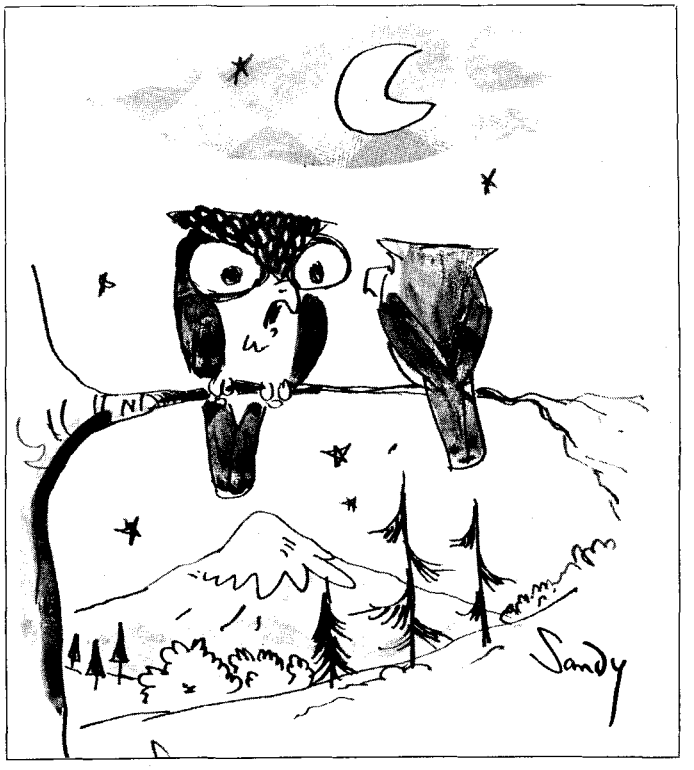
help !!!!

Our Nuclear Future

After the oil pumps start sounding
  Like the last sucks from a Coke,
And all the grand ayatollahs
  Sit on their carpets, dead broke,
Somewhere a light will be shining
  Where the reactors still hum,
While, in the darkness, Jane Fonda
  Steps upon yesterday's gum.

W. H. von Dreele



"I know it tickles, but you have to catch mice with your feet."

'IT'LL NEVER WORK,' I SAID, 'AN AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE IS IMPOSSIBLE,' I SAID, BUT DID ANYBODY LISTEN? NOOO! BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO WHEN YOUR LEADERS IGNORE ALL THE PALPABLE FACTS AND WANDER IN CIRCLES? WELL, JUST YOU WAIT! JUST WAIT 'TIL I PUBLISH MY BOOK... THEN YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU EVER HEARD OF ONE DAVID A. STOCKMAN...
H PAYNE ©1986 SCRIPPS HOWARD

If David Stockman had been in the American Revolution

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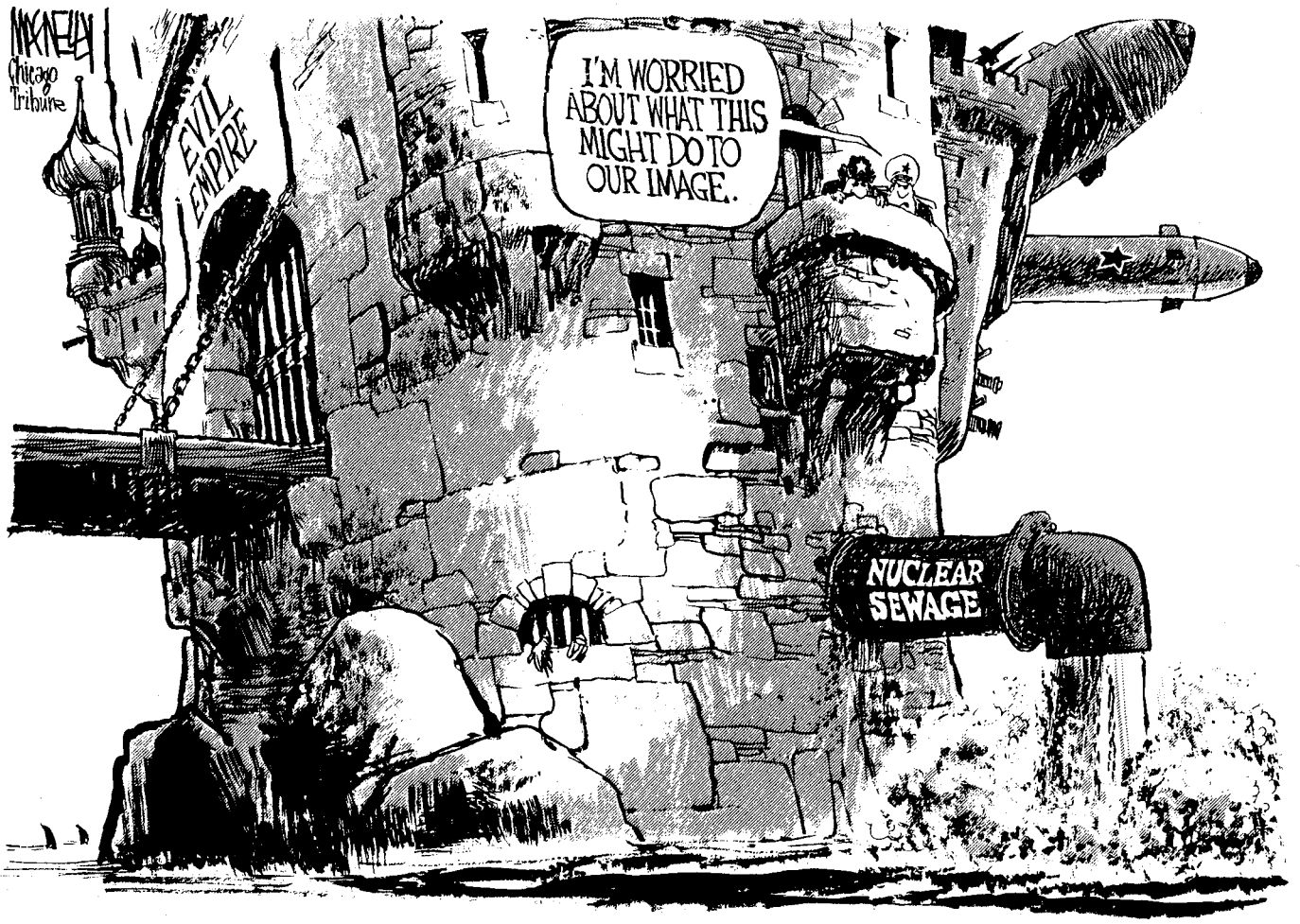

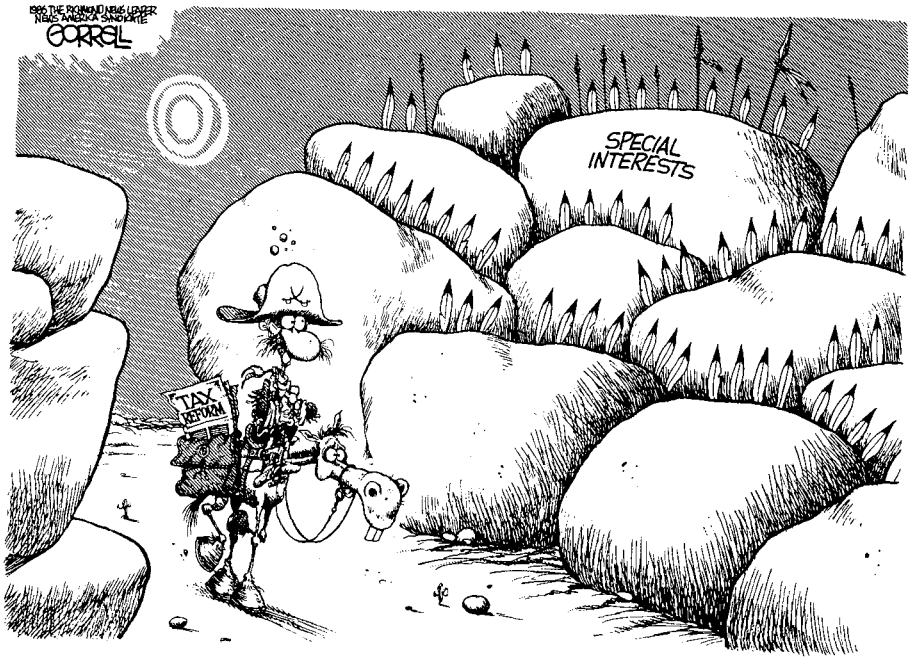

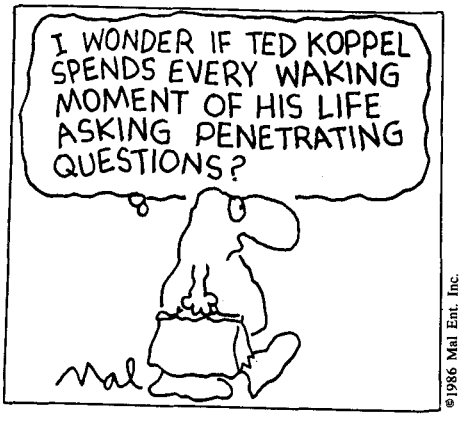

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ABROAD

PARIS *Opening to Iran*

The new French prime minister, Jacques Chirac, has wasted no time moving into the foreign-policy domain which was once the exclusive preserve of President François Mitterrand, his political foe. Chirac attended the Tokyo summit meeting along with Mitterrand in an unprecedented tandem arrangement. Chirac has already been to various other foreign capitals and appointed ambassadors into the bargain. But his most daring move so far has been to seek a "normalization of relations" with Iran. He announced this objective publicly in a speech to the National Assembly in which he described Iran as "a great country for which France feels not the slightest hostility"; and he dispatched the second-ranking official of the Quai d'Orsay, Secretary-General André Ross, to Teheran. Though Chirac is an avowed friend of President Saddam Hussein of Iraq, the Iranian government does not hold this against him, according to Iranian diplomats in Paris. It only wants Chirac to take a more balanced view of French military assistance. Another grievance Iran has against France concerns a $1-billion loan Teheran made to the French for the development of various nuclear projects, which has never been paid back by the French entrepreneurs. Negotiations have now begun on this subject.

BONN *Twins Semi-Fraternal*

For the first time since Germany was divided forty years ago, a West German city and an East German one have been twinned. Ironically (or perhaps on purpose) the cities are as far away from each other as possible, as if their respective governments were wary of the arrangement. Saarbrücken, in the Federal Republic, is within a stone's throw of the French border, and Eisenhüttenstadt is next to the Polish frontier, far in the eastern confines of the Communist state. Both are steel towns. Eisenhüttenstadt was built new after the war and briefly named Stalinstadt. Saarbrücken has a far more distinguished history. Fortified by Louis XIV's master engineer, Vauban, in the late seventeenth century, it was the birthplace of Napoleon's Marshal Ney. The agreement foresees visits between the twins by groups only. But, from the East German point of view, there may be a hidden motive in the choice of Saarbrücken. East German Communist chieftain Erich Honecker comes originally from the Saarland; it may be that this occasion will provide him with the excuse for a first visit to the Federal Republic, a project often proposed and as often canceled.

FRANKFURT *Social Bombshell*

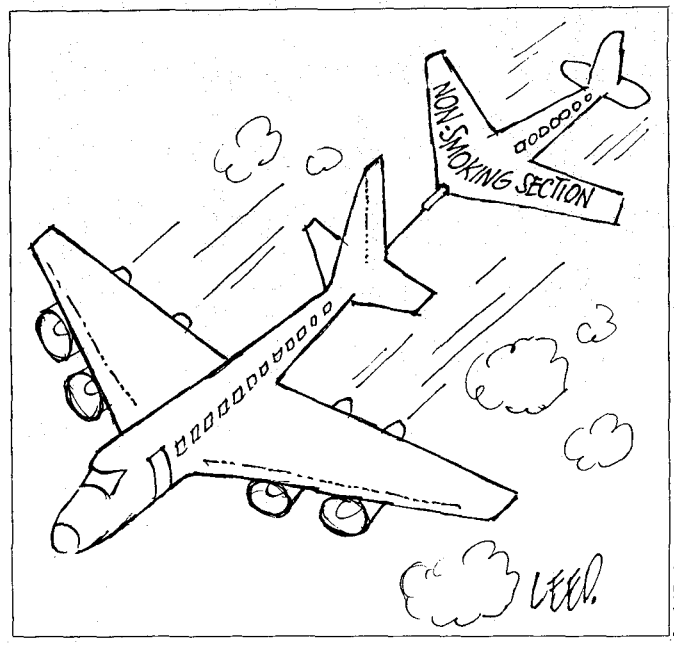
A book chronicling the life of Turkish immigrant laborers in Germany has burst like a bombshell here, selling two million copies in six months. *Ganz Unten* (*Way Down Deep*) is by Günter Wallraff, a militant reporter who, masquerading as a Turkish worker named Ali, lived among the Turks and worked with them for more than a year, earning trifling wages in conditions of near slavery, without social security, medical care, or legal recourse. Wallraff found that Turks were rented out in groups by labor contractors to various industries and agricultural establishments. He started out on a farm where he worked ten hours a day for only board and lodging, sleeping in an abandoned car or a barn full of manure. When he went to a soccer match between German and Turkish teams, spectators threw cigarette butts at his head and poured beer over him as they screamed, "Get out, Turks! Germany for the Germans!"

AGRA *Raindrops on the Floor*

The Taj Mahal is one of the world's great architectural marvels, and its dome by moonlight, or any other light, is a legendary sight. It was, therefore, a shock when puddles of water were recently discovered on the marble floor of the main hall of the building, just under the famous dome. A small leak had evidently developed in the northeast side of the roof. The leak surprised the engineers responsible for the Taj Mahal's upkeep, because the original architect employed in the seventeenth century by the Emperor Shah Jehan carefully designed a double wall inside the dome to make it waterproof despite heavy rains such as occurred last summer. There has been only one leak in the past, shortly after the dome was finished in 1648. It was repaired by pouring in molten silver. Technicians have not yet decided what to do about the post-Silver Age leak.

LONDON *Sing Me Your Song, O*

The renowned D'Oyly Carte Company, which introduced and then perpetuated so many of Gilbert and Sullivan's best-known operas over the last hundred years, was disbanded in 1981, much to the regret of Savoyards around the world. But it may arise from its ashes. Dame Bridget D'Oyly Carte, granddaughter of the founder and last of the family, died recently and left a will bequeathing much of her considerable estate to the trust that ran the company, chiefly one million shares of stock in the palatial Savoy Hotel. She also left her country house in Buckinghamshire for its benefit, as well as other assets. Dame Bridget set up the D'Oyly Carte Trust in her lifetime, and gave it all her rights to the Gilbert and Sullivan works.



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TIME IS ON UNITA'S SIDE

I'VE JUST returned from visiting Jonas Savimbi and his guerrilla forces in Angola—this time with TV cameras for a documentary on the war and the Soviet-Cuban involvement. There have been dramatic changes since a year ago when I spent a month with Savimbi and his troops, before a massive Soviet-directed attack last fall that came close to breaking through and capturing his headquarters at Jamba.

Savimbi now has Stinger missiles in place (some arrived while I was there) and the means of coping with the various types of Soviet matériel used by the Communist forces: T-62 tanks, MiG-23s (flown by pilots who speak Russian), and Hind helicopter gunships. In fact he's stronger now than he was then, yet there seems to be an attitude abroad in the West that is akin to the very damaging misunderstandings about the 1968 Tet offensive in Vietnam.

The Tet offensive was a military disaster for the Vietcong, yet thanks to media coverage it became a political and propaganda victory for the Communists. Similarly, Savimbi's close call —he was helped by the timely intervention of South African air support at the battle of Mavinga, northwest of Jamba—seems to have convinced even usually sensible media organs such as the *Wall Street Journal* that Savimbi's UNITA can't win a military victory so long as the Soviet-Cuban connection remains. I think this is unrealistic. Now that Savimbi has, or is getting, the weapons he needs to cope with highly sophisticated Soviet weaponry, the ball is in the Soviets' court. Their choice is between increasing their direct involvement—incurring horrendous losses of equipment and personnel in a country they don't know—and withdrawing to cut their losses.

I did not know in what state I would find UNITA's troops after a winter buildup by the Marxist forces. As it turned out, morale was high, and Savimbi's troops seemed eager for a showdown. Indeed, their confidence and preparedness were impressive enough that I would not be surprised if the Communist forces delayed the offensive that was expected with the end of the rainy season.

I found Savimbi still flush with his reception in Washington, and not the least intimidated by prospects of a renewed offensive. "We have even expanded our activities throughout Angola and are now active in Cabinda," he said. "We are trying *not* to hit American oil installations or personnel, but to destroy pipelines, power and water supplies."

And how does *he* think the war is going? "As long as the Russians and Cubans are prepared to lose equipment and men, they can occupy the towns while we control the countryside. Our position is that now we cannot lose. Our forces are everywhere. No matter what, nothing can change that."

That might sound like bravado. Savimbi states it as a matter of logic. Military doctrine holds that it takes at least ten regular soldiers to offset one guerrilla fighter. Savimbi has sixty thousand troops in the field; the combined Communist forces have 140,000 troops, and no chance of reinforcements unless the Kremlin decides to send ground troops.

Savimbi admits he was caught off guard in last year's offensive, because his troops had shifted to conventional warfare. He didn't expect Soviet military advisors to take control of battle deployment with new and better equipment. Nevertheless, the Mavinga battle ended, says Savimbi, with some two thousand of the enemy's 4,500 troops killed (four motorized infantry brigades), and 450 UNITA troops killed. The littered battlefield (16 downed helicopters, ravaged tanks, and enormous quantities of captured weapons and equipment) attests to the victory.

Savimbi has now reverted to guerrilla warfare and once again feels secure. UNITA says it stages an average of at least one ambush or guerrilla attack per day. Deserters are coming over at a faster rate. Savimbi says he will escalate until the other side agrees to a negotiated settlement, complete with elections.

WHILE WITH UNITA, I did interviews for television with prisoners, Cubans, defectors, missionaries, wounded men, and victims of atrocities. There's a sharp change in the situation from last year. Where the Soviets once had advisors at brigade level, they're now down to battalion level. The Soviets now dictate the war, with barely a pretense that the Cubans or the Angolan Marxists—the MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola)—are in charge. That suggests it is already dawning on the Soviets that they cannot win with the current alignment of forces; they may soon realize that only a massive commitment of their own resources could defeat UNITA.

Eugene Jorge Dakayessunga, 37, a Communist Party member trained in East Germany and deputy governor of Benguela Province, was captured in a UNITA ambush and marched forty days to Jamba. He admitted that the Soviets and Cubans run Angola, and that they look down on native Angolans. He told of Angolan children being forcibly taken to Cuba for schooling—and returning as indoctrinated soldiers. I asked him if he considered Jonas Savimbi to be a "puppet of South Africa." He burst out laughing—a more eloquent response than words. Savimbi is not the puppet type.

Mr. Worthington is co-founder and former editor-in-chief of the Toronto Sun, *a veteran foreign correspondent, and currently a columnist for the* Financial Post *of Canada and editor of* Influence *magazine.*

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Another prisoner, Lieutenant Norbert Felix Sinjinga, 32, was a teacher before becoming brigade communications officer. He was on a committee that chose Angolan children to go to Cuba. "We say it's for education, but when they return they aren't educated, but indoctrinated." He also said he reported to Soviet officers at communications headquarters.

Lieutenant Pedro Sacata, 27, was in charge of recruiting for Cuando Cubango Province. He was captured when his helicopter was shot down in the Mavinga battle. He said his boss was a Russian—a Colonel Vassily, who set the recruitment quotas. When barely 25 per cent of the quota could be enlisted, Colonel Vassily ordered MPLA troops to raid villages and take boys as young as 13 for the army.

When I was in Jamba a group of some twenty "boy-soldiers" who had deserted the MPLA walked into the grass-hut headquarters. Jacinto Chiteculo, 15, and Eugene Kessungo, 16, both scared out of their wits, went on camera and told of soldiers surrounding their homes and forcibly taking them into the army.

"Didn't your parents object?"

"No."

"Why?"

"If they had, they'd have been shot. It happens everywhere."

"But why would the soldiers do this?"

"Because they know the people support UNITA."

In one six-hundred-man MPLA battalion, 119 of the soldiers were under 18. The boy-soldiers felt sure they would be killed, and they deserted as soon as they could.

Boy-soldiers weren't so prevalent last year. To me it's mindful of the last days of Hitler, when children were mobilized to fight, and the dying days of the Biafran war, when children became replacement troops. When children take to the battlefield, the army is nearly finished.

UNITA has more faith in America now. I'm told that after Savimbi's secret meeting with CIA director William Casey in Zaire, a CIA contact is now permanently attached to Savimbi's Jamba headquarters. And according to people who were there, a big surprise when Savimbi came to Washington to meet President Reagan in February was how well he and Secretary of State George Shultz hit it off. Shultz is said to have been impressed by Savimbi's personality and grasp of world affairs.

With the Reagan Administration growing more committed to Savimbi, and the Soviets growing more doubtful of an easy victory, time is on UNITA's side. "It's no longer a question of *if* UNITA will win, but *when* we win," says Savimbi. When that day comes, Savimbi will become the most important leader in Africa—the one who fought and defeated the new imperialism of the Soviet Union and its Cuban colonial troops. As Savimbi says, "Angola can then fulfill its destiny and become the first real democracy in Africa." □

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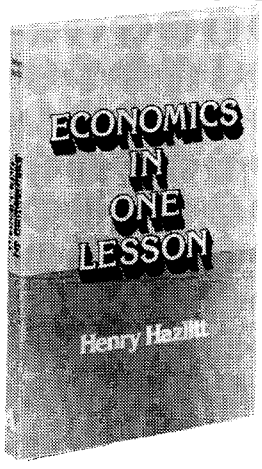
ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON



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PAROCHIAL PATRIOTS

New York City's department of complaints reports that after the attack on Libya it was deluged with calls complaining that there should have been less bombing or more bombing or no bombing at all. According to the department, many of the callers seemed to believe the mission had been conducted by the New York Air Force. Now that's parochial.

It's hard to get New Yorkers excited about American patriotism. Of course we go all out for the Fourth of July; but the theme is "I Love New York," and the intrusion of Americana is puzzling and a bit resented. After all, Lady Liberty welcomed all those immigrants to New York, didn't she? Some find that even New York is too much to handle. Their patriotism is limited to the Upper West Side, the East Village, or Flatbush. This may not be all bad. The great Burke told us about loyalty to the "little platoons" and how we are attached to the universal through the particular. Even the Upper West Side is a pretty big platoon by his measure.

Nor is parochial patriotism limited to New Yorkers. Last month I spoke for commencement at the small Benedictine College in Atchison, Kansas. Driving from Kansas City, the young instructor informed me, "When I say America I mean Kansas, and when I say Kansas I mean East Kansas." That's not bad, especially when you consider the alternatives. One alternative is the vaulting patriotism of high-principled world citizenry that refuses to give the benefit of the doubt to any place or anybody in particular. It is a deracination endemic to certain styles of religious leadership.

"It is not merely an attack on Libya; it is an attack on America," announced the General Secretary of the National Council of Churches. The head of the United Church of Christ declared, "The attack assumes that the only effective response to terror is more terror." The World Council of Churches flatly condemned the action as "immoral." The spokesman for the Orthodox Church in the Soviet Union was more restrained, calling the incident an "unfortunate new aggravation." An Episcopal "clergyperson" in New York, noting the surge of popular support for the action, asseverated, "The attack can only serve the cause of patriotism." Dr. Johnson was then invoked to the effect that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

In that connection Boswell's gloss is usually overlooked: "But let it be considered, that he did not mean a real and generous love of our country, but that pretended patriotism which so many, in all ages and countries, have made a cloak for self-interest." To be sure, a loftier devotion to crown and country than the Tory Dr. Johnson's is hard to imagine. And yet, for religious folk, patriotism dare not be the highest devotion. Loyalty to any city of man, including America, must be sharply relativized by our pledge of allegiance to the City of God. Sharply relativized, but not dissolved. Our dual citizenship in the cities temporal and eternal is the source of constant and necessary tension. That tension is collapsed both by Dr. Johnson's scoundrel and by the flight of the pious from the historically particular.

Consider the recent pronunciamento from the United Methodist bishops that "the church cannot bless" the policy of nuclear deterrence. Set aside for the moment that it had not occurred to many people that the church should ever think of blessing it. Nobody I know thinks the balance of terror is just dandy. The interesting thing is that the bishops give the impression that it has nothing to do with them. The photo in the *New York Times* shows them, all with broad Protestant smiles, heartily applauding themselves for having washed their hands of this nasty nuclear business. One might think they were citizens of Sweden.

In a recent book I argued that it is probably required of those who want to provide moral leadership in America that they agree with the proposition that, "On balance, and considering the alternatives, American influence is a force for good in the world." I take this proposition to be a nuanced assessment. It is hardly a chauvinist manifesto. It is more in the nature of a cool judgment about the way things are in this world for which we are, at least in small part, responsible. My proposition met with violent criticism from numerous religious critics. Some were critical because they had concluded that America is a force for evil in the world. Fair enough, albeit very dumb. But most were critical because, they said, it established a "patriotism test" that undermined the church's "prophetic ministry."

My point, however, was a very small and, I think, obvious one. People are not likely to accept moral leadership from persons whom they perceive as enemies of America. Nor are they likely to follow leaders who presume to have transcended the thus-and-so-ness of the messy particularities in which the rest of us are embroiled, such as the moral quagmire of nuclear deterrence. Patriotism is a way of being present to humanity in general through human beings in particular. I would not say that East Kansas is the world. But our allegiance to everywhere has to begin somewhere. □

Pastor Neuhaus is the author of Dispensations: The Future of South Africa as South Africans See It *(recently published by Eerdmans) and the director of the Rockford Institute Center on Religion and Society. He is writing "Tomorrow & Tomorrow" in place of Michael Novak, who is representing the United States at the Helsinki oversight conference in Bern.*

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SEX FOR HUMANS

Joseph Sobran

Sexual Desire: A Moral Philosophy of the Erotic, by Roger Scruton (Free Press, 428 pp., $25)

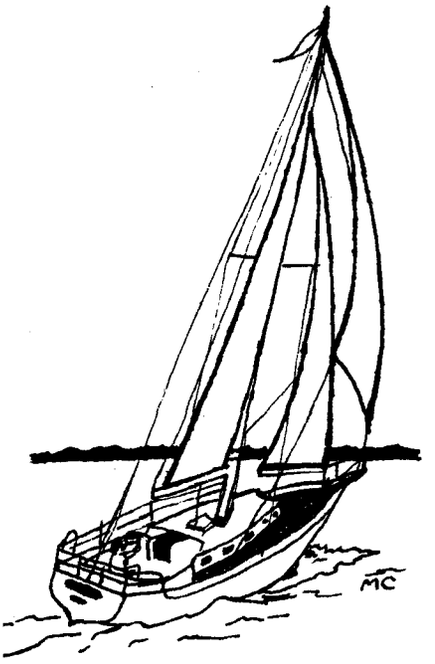
PHILOSOPHERS HAVE long tended to follow the lead of Plato and early Christian theologians in consigning the erotic to the realm of the "animal," and letting it go at that. Roger Scruton, a brilliant young English philosopher and editor of the conservative quarterly *The Salisbury Review*, won't let it go at that. He argues, from secular premises, for a kind of sexual morality that is, with a few striking points of difference, a reasonable facsimile of traditional sexual morality.

I had better say at once that I don't completely follow his argument, which is learned and subtle in the extreme, and I therefore don't feel competent to offer a final evaluation of *Sexual Desire*. But it abounds in fine observations and fascinating insights, and its dozens of stimulating passages will reward any reader's effort, whether or not he accepts the argument as a whole. This is a highly original book.

Scruton refuses to denigrate sexual love or to exalt "platonic" love. He insists that "erotic love, like aesthetic interest, is essentially evaluative." It is not reducible to "appetite" or "release." It is wrong to suppose that "sexual desire is desire for sexual pleasure." Rather, sexual desire is the desire for an "embodied" personal intimacy, and the key term is *personal*. Erotic interest is interest in a person. It has human meaning, not just biological urgency. The biological signs do accompany it, as a rapid pulse rate may accompany watching *Macbeth*, but they are not the purpose of the engagement. In essence, eros "is not a localized, sensory pleasure at all, even though it is (at certain moments and for certain reasons) accompanied by such pleasures. It is an intentional pleasure, to be characterized, not in terms of sensations, but in terms of an intentional stance toward the sexual object."

Scruton draws on Kant, phenomenology, and the insight of linguistic philosophy that "the act of *meaning* something is essentially interpersonal." The lover is not merely gratifying himself: "In sexual arousal the other appears to me, not merely as something affected by me, but as a perspective upon me. I am something *for* him [Scruton uses the conventional male pronoun impersonally], and he for me, and this thought is part of the foundation of what I feel."

Eros, in Scruton's view, is individualized and not transferable to any other object (though of course one may experience it with more than one person). For human beings, reticence is natural. Eros proceeds through looks and gestures and touches that deepen acquaintance into a generalized mutual absorption. The entire engagement, not just physical consummation, is what is sought. Privacy is of the essence: "Arousal seeks seclusion—seclusion with the other in a private place, where only he and his point of view are relevant to my intention. Moreover, arousal normally attempts to *abolish* what is not private—in particular to abolish the perspective of the onlooker, of that 'third person' who is neither you nor I."



This leads Scruton to a definition of obscenity and perversion that maintains the integrity of the erotic. For example: "An excitement which concentrates upon the sexual organs, whether of man or woman, which seeks, as it were, to bypass the preliminary interest in face, hands, voice, and posture, is perverted. It seeks to focus on the culminating act of gratification, while voiding that act of its distinctive intentionality—of its direction toward the embodiment of another perspective."

Scruton is willing to concede that there may be genuine eros in homosexual experience, though he rules out masturbation, pedophilia, and other varieties of sexual misconduct (not without offering unexpected insights on most of them). But he recommends "public recognition of the value of chastity, and of the sacrilege involved in a sexual impulse that wanders free from the controlling impulse of respect." Eros is fulfilled in monogamy.

Further quotation is irresistible, and may be the surest way to recommend so eloquent a book:

John C. Chalberg is a professor of history at Normandale Community College in Bloomington, Minnesota.

Stephen J. Tonsor is a professor of history at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

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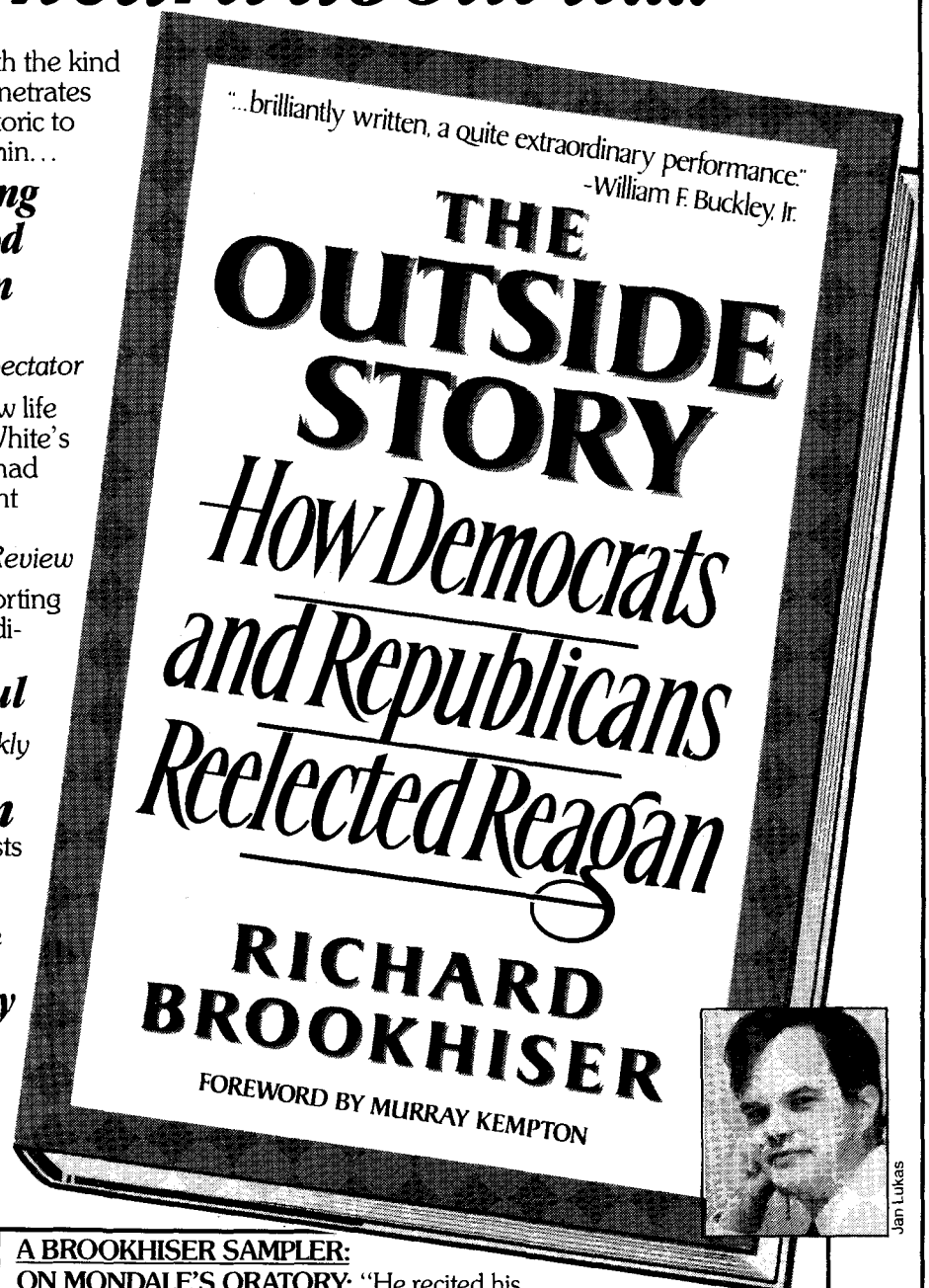
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"The 'pollution' of the prostitute is not that she gives herself for money, but that she gives herself to those whom she hates or despises. This is the 'wound' of unchastity, which cannot be healed in solitude by the one who suffers it, but only by his acceptance into a social order which confines the sexual impulse to the realm of intimate relations. The chaste person sustains the ideal of sexual innocence, by giving honorable form to chastity as a way of life. Through his example, it becomes not foolish but admirable to ignore the promptings of a desire that brings no intimacy or fulfillment. Chastity is not a private policy, followed by one individual alone for the sake of his peace of mind. It has a wider and more generous significance: It attempts to draw others into complicity, and to sustain a social order that confines the sexual impulse to the personal sphere." □

RANDOM NOTES

□ COMING IN JUNE: *Truman* (Harper & Row, $17.95), by Roy Jenkins, is an interesting biography of a President who brought to the office only "the courage of desperation," yet succeeded in initiating the era of Pax Americana. Jenkins, author of a previous biography, *Asquith*, was himself an important politician in postwar Britain. . . . *Murrow: His Life and Times* (Freundlich/Scribner's, $22.95), by A. M. Sperber, is a well-researched biography of the CBS newsman whose talents as a broadcaster were dismally outweighed by his complete political naïveté. . . . Work on *Ari: The Life and Times of Aristotle Onassis* (Summit, $19.95), by Peter Evans, was begun, at Onassis's request, in 1968, and halted after his marriage to Jacqueline Kennedy. In 1975, after Onassis's death, Evans recommenced work on the book, which is only as interesting as the subject itself.

The Stones Cry Out: A Cambodian Childhood 1975-1980 (Hill & Wang, $17.95), by Molyda Szymusiak, translated by Linda Coverdale, is the story of a teenage girl's five-year ordeal scavenging the Cambodian countryside while eluding the government of Pol Pot, which, directly or indirectly, managed to do for most of her family. Eventually, the author and three of her cousins found protection in a refugee camp at the Thai border; they were finally adopted by a Polish couple living in France.

In *The Myth of Soviet Military Supremacy* (Harper & Row, $24.95), Tom Gervasi, director of something called the Center for Military Research and Analysis in New York, argues that the Soviet threat as posited by the Reagan Administration is not even an illusion, but an outright lie. . . . R. W. Johnson, in *Shootdown: Flight 007 and the American Connection* (Viking, $18.95), argues that the only realistic scenario behind the downing of the Korean Airlines flight in 1983 is that of a surveillance mission, as the Soviets claimed. The author is a Fellow in Politics at Oxford. —CW

THE BAND PLAYED ON

John C. Chalberg

Public Philosopher: Selected Letters of Walter Lippmann, edited by John Morton Blum (Ticknor & Fields, 652 pp., $29.95)

"THE TRAGEDY of a whole life," the 18-year-old Walter Lippmann confided to a friend, "may lie in an unfulfilled dance card." Walter Lippmann was once 18? Walter Lippmann could write *that*? In a word: yes. Even Walter Lippmann was once young.

But wait: In the same letter the ever nimble Lippmann escorted his correspondent from the dance floor to a smoke-filled study, while the band played on. "I have come to socialism as a creed," he intoned. A creed? Did socialism fill the young Lippmann's dance card with romance? In a word: no. "It is not the half-baked, naïve faith of the man who sees in it the universal panacea. I have come to it rather through hard work and painful thinking." Alas, even the young Walter Lippmann was already old.

If socialism has provided the world with anything of value, it might be the good time that the socialist ideal once gave the young. Jack Reed may have been naïve and irresponsible, but he did have some youthful fun. Walter Lippmann was never a Jack Reed socialist. In fact, the nastiest letter in this entire collection is a blast at Reed. The year was 1916. Europe was at war, and Reed had accused his erstwhile Harvard classmate (and erstwhile ideological soulmate) of going over to the enemy camp.

Reed received his "Dear Jack" letter from Lippmann a few days later:

> I watched you at college when a few of us were taking our chances. I saw you trying to climb into clubs and hang on to a social position by your eyelids, and to tell you the truth I have never taken your radicalism the least bit seriously. You are no more dangerous to the capitalist class in this country than a romantic guerrilla fighter . . . Do not get the idea that you are one of the great strong men who [*sic*] the vested interests of this country fear.

In 1916, "romantic guerrilla fighters" had not yet achieved the reputation assigned to them by another generation of pundits—and a much older Walter Lippmann.

But Walter Lippmann was too busy inveigling himself into the good graces of the Wilson White House to worry much about guerrillas (or grammar). One poison-pen letter to one Jack Reed was quite enough. Oh, Lippmann could be nasty to the powerful, but seldom did he clobber them directly: Witness, for instance, his campaign for access to President Wilson. With dance card in hand, he went purposefully to work. Buttering up Lincoln Steffens had already permitted him to escape Schenectady, New York, and "mechanical" work for a socialist mayor. Why not toady up to a President?

Within days of breaking diplomatic relations with Germany, President Wilson received advice from Lippmann endorsing compulsory military training. "I need hardly tell you," Lippmann signed off, "that *The New Republic* and all of us here are entirely at your disposal."

A year earlier Lippmann had fumed to his English mentor, Graham Wallas, that Wilson had "no interest in the responsibility of the socialized state . . . and no grasp of international affairs . . ." But even a professor President could learn in office.

All was well until Wilson returned from Paris in 1919, "beaten by the diplomacy of the European governments." Wilson's (and Lippmann's) cherished League of Nations was "fundamentally diseased," imbedded as it was in an "illiberal" treaty. Only War Secretary Newton Baker escaped the wrath of a suddenly spurned Walter Lippmann. In fact, only Baker ("as good a combination of mind and heart as I have ever met") drew unqualified praise from Lippmann. As late as 1931, Baker was Lippmann's first choice to lead the resurgent Democrats against the reeling Republicans. ("I believe

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more and more that you're destined to be nominated.")

Theodore Roosevelt was often a Lippmann favorite, but Franklin Roosevelt was even more often a favorite Lippmann target. Most of the letters in this volume are concerned with New Deal days, and his complaints are increasingly frequent. Even so, after the mid-term elections of 1934, Lippmann could still dash off a congratulatory note for the "magnificent" vote of confidence given to a President whom he had earlier privately dismissed as an "amiable boy scout." These "selected letters" do not hint at the President's response, but one suspects that Lippmann's fraying card was less than full during the dance marathon that was the New Deal.

However, a middle-aged Lippmann was still able to dance with an assortment of partners and to a cacophony of tunes. During the heyday of the New Deal he waltzed sedately with anti-planners and anti-monopolists. But after hours he could kick up his left heel with income redistributionists and public-works proponents.

By 1939, however, at least one party was over. The wallflower of foreign policy had replaced the wilted flower of the New Deal in Lippmann's affections. In 1939, Lippmann rejected a sitting Democratic President for "subordinating" the Nazi threat to a "whole mess of New Deal reforms."

By the summer of 1940 Lippmann was convinced that Roosevelt had "lost his chance to lead the country." He was wrong, of course, as he had been —and would be—in his anointing of Presidents John W. Davis, Al Smith, and Wendell Willkie, not to mention Dwight Morrow, Arthur Vandenberg, Adlai Stevenson, and Newton Baker.

But that was not the only thing that Lippmann was wrong about. In October 1939, he declared it "lunacy" for the Western democracies to have sent a military force to rescue Poland: "Nobody in his senses has ever thought the [British-French] guarantee to Poland has meant that Poland could be saved from invasion conquest. It meant that Poland will be freed after the war is won." For Poland (and presumably for Lippmann), "the war will have been won if an independent Poland exists after the war."

The war, of course, was won. Just ask the Poles.

Did Lippmann expect a democratic Poland to emerge from the war? Yes; and a more democratic Soviet Union as well. With the Red Army moving rapidly westward he was most skeptical of anti-Soviet skeptics: The Soviets "can't be such fools as to talk about democracy in Poland and Italy and elsewhere unless they intend to have a good deal of it at home . . ."

The war's end, of course, did expand Soviet democracy. Just ask the Russians.

At war's end Lippmann could see "no direct [Soviet-American] conflicts of vital interest," and he defined American foreign-policy "realism" as the support of European governments "somewhat left of center." At the cold war's onset he centered that realism in a neutralized Germany, a NATO limited to nations "not in immediate contact with the Soviet orbit," and non-interventionism on the Asian mainland.

These views isolated Lippmann from American "isolationism," as he defined it: mindless aggression in the Pacific and total acquiescence in Europe. He also found himself increasingly isolated from a series of American Presidents who had the temerity to conduct foreign policies with which he disagreed.

Dancing was seldom on the aging Lippmann's agenda during Administrations from Truman's through Johnson's. It was probably just as well. Neither a Missouri waltz nor a Texas square dance was much to Lippmann's liking. Still, it might have been nice to have been asked. □

ONE PEOPLE'S GRIEF

James W. Tuttleton

Collected Poems, 1948-1984, by Derek Walcott (Farrar, 516 pp., $25)

THE PUBLICATION of Derek Walcott's *Collected Poems, 1948-1984* offers a timely occasion to reflect on the career of one of the most distinguished Caribbean poets writing in English. Born in St. Lucia in 1930, Walcott took his degree at the University of the West Indies in Kingston, taught for a while in Jamaica, married and had children, wrote plays and directed theater productions, came north, and won many fellowships and prizes. He has taught creative writing at a number of American colleges and currently lives in Boston. All the while, he has been developing an impressive poetic virtuosity. His verse is marked by an intimate feeling for the sensuous forms of nature and by a complex meditation on contemporary Caribbean and North American culture.

We have here more than five hundred pages of verse, the flower of almost four decades of writing. It is alternately dramatic, lyrical, elegiac, and confessional. The rhythms are sometimes traditional, sometimes experimental; rhyme is invoked, or not, as the matter may require. The range is engaging and the voice distinctive—especially as Walcott's youthful apprentice work gives way to the idiom of the mature poet.

His imagination has been seized by the myth of Paradise, which is recreated in the beauty of the islands of the West Indies. Eden as a personal myth attains sensuous form in Walcott's painterly evocations of the brilliant sun, the lime-green sea, the salt winds, the lush palms, the marl-white roads, and the bamboo roots "freckled with light." The persona who speaks

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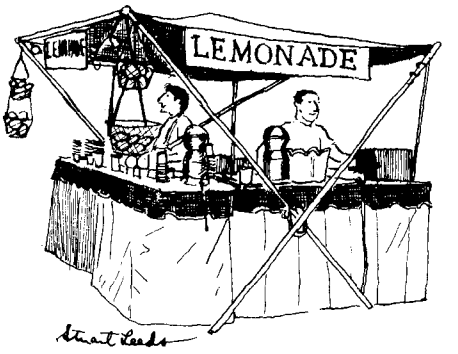
most often for him is Adam, who begins with "no memory." No Caribbean poet, of course, has a memory, in the sense of a regional written poetic tradition: "For no one had yet written of this landscape / that it was possible." So it is the task of Walcott, like Adam, to give things their names. Here, lifted into the magical language of poetry, are "Anguilla, Adina, / Antigua, Cannelles, / Andreuille, all the *l*'s, / Voyelles, of the liquid Antilles." Named with love, in both the island patois and the high diction of the English poetic tradition, are the colors of the sea, the qualities of light, the vividness and beauty of the landscape of this world, and the island people who inhabit it. But this is only a part of Walcott's career-long project.

For the paradisal world is called into being in order to reflect on how corruption has entered this world. Adam in Paradise implies no history, but of course the Caribbean has *had* a history—has had a history since Cristóbal Colón found it, inaugurating there what Walcott calls "the leprosy of empire." Before the discovery of those islands and of what Columbus's log called that " 'fine race of people' " who possessed " 'No knowledge whatever of metals, not even of gold,' " lies a temporal blank, a history swallowed up by the sea. The ancient Arawaks and Caribs have all gone voiceless into the light. Thus the fall is a fall into history, and it has brought those baronial estates, the white officers in khaki helmets and their women in the large houses—and, for the natives, slavery, poverty, the corrugated-tin shacks on wooden stilts, the broken debris of civilization, disease, and death.

Walcott's anger at the imperial colonization of the Caribbean, however, is not that of Che Guevara, who nevertheless figures in two of these poems. For Walcott is a writer of mixed descent. He cannot have the luxury of racial oversimplifications. Because Paradise has devolved into "this circle of hell" where people are consumed "in the stench of their own sulphur of self-hatred," Walcott would like to imagine another homeland. Yet there is always a resistance to his own Rousseauistic primitivism—to, for example, the perennial illusion of back-to-Africa politics. "A Far Cry from Africa" defines with precision why Walcott cannot be your ordinary Third World dissident, much less a revolutionary.



Descended from a white as well as a black grandfather, he writes:

I who am poisoned with the blood of both,
Where shall I turn, divided to the vein?
I who have cursed
The drunken officer of British rule, how choose
Between this Africa and the English tongue I love?

An Adam in exile, Walcott sees the stink and litter of Greenwich Village streets, where "starved, on the prowl, / I was a frightened cat in that grey city"; the snowy winter of Cold Spring Harbor; the New England landscape where "God is meek but keeps a whistling sword"; and England, where the empire comes full circle in a race riot of "Calibans" howling down the Brixton streets "that began with Caedmon's raceless dew." Walcott has an historical imagination sufficient to see that Albion itself was once a colony, despoiled by the Roman legions.

Walcott's myth of Adam exiled from Paradise is not complete, however, until he has circled back to the idea of Adam reborn, the new man. This turn is most memorably recounted in the extraordinary 150-page autobiographical poem *Another Life* (1973). There he records how he "fell in love with art / and life began." In the economy of Walcott's grief, art comes to compensate for the island possession that is lost. He accepts his new "function / as a colonial upstart at the end of an empire, / a single, circling homeless satellite."

But Adam is not, for a poet, the ultimate right correlative persona. There is too much melodrama of good and evil in all of this, too much romanticizing of the noble primitive versus the destructive white man's civilization. Walcott knows this with his head, however Rousseauistic his heart. He therefore turns from Adam to Odysseus as the appropriate wanderer, and from a place, the islands, to a time gone by, his childhood. The task of these poems then becomes something else—to re-create, in St. Lucia and the other islands, the lost ruined Ilium of his youth and to repopulate the scene with characters—Emanuel, Berthilia, Darnley, Ligier—who rise to epic dimensions, childhood heroes who are transfigured into the stars of his mythology. *Collected Poems* concludes with an *ubi sunt?* meditation on homelessness and memory that gathers into itself the fate of Adam, Odysseus, Ovid, St. John on Patmos, Robinson Crusoe, and other castaways—like the Russian poet Josef Brodsky—for whom the lost country is both an abandoned place and a former time, memorialized in art:

Where's my child's hymnbook, the poems edged in gold leaf,
the heaven I worship with no faith in heaven,
as the Word turned toward poetry in its grief?
Ah, bread of life, that only love can leaven!
Ah, Joseph, though no man ever dies in his own country,
the grateful grass will grow thick from his heart.

Much like his character Shabine in *The Star-Apple Kingdom*, Walcott is "satisfied / if my hand gave voice to one people's grief." □

THE GOLD AND THE DARKNESS

Jeffrey Hart

Bigger than Life: A Biography of Francis X. Shields, The Last Great Amateur, by William X. Shields (Freundlich/Scribner's, 288 pp., $17.95)

IT WOULD be a shame if this magical book were semi-ignored as just another sports biography, for it is more than that, a poignant evocation of an era that had a distinctive identity worth remembering, and of a great athlete whose career touched the heights of comedy and the depths of tragedy. It is the era of Vines and Allison, Budge and Doeg, and the last days of the great grass tournaments and the glittering world of Newport, Longwood,

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Spring Lake, Southampton, and Forest Hills, where the Depression was an unpleasant rumor, the music would always play, the booze and the money would always flow. The British designer Teddy Tinling recalls the Newport parties of the 1930s as "complete Gatsby era," with three or four orchestras in the garden of each of the great mansions. "Everybody was wild. The only thing that mattered was to get smashed and laugh."

Frank Shields, grandfather of Brooke Shields, was middle-class, but he was also of the stamp of Bevil Rudd, the legendary Oxford undergraduate of the Nineties who, strolling by the university track one afternoon, put down his derby and his cigar, broke the world quarter-mile record, returned his cigar and derby to their former locations, and never ran again.

Shields was a similarly endowed natural athlete, astonishingly quick and strong at six-six, and drop-dead handsome, a dark Apollo. Yale wanted him for an end, but he was academically impossible, and even tutoring was futile. By the time he was 17, in the late 1920s, he was being hailed as another Bill Tilden. In 1933 he was ranked number one in the United States and probably was the best tennis player in the world, with a serve that was virtually unreturnable and a forehand much like Boris Becker's current top-spin bludgeon.

Like Bevil Rudd, however, he did not take athletics with total seriousness. Parties, women, booze, and high jinks were just as important to him as Forest Hills or Wimbledon, and he was the heavyweight champion of the night-club brawl: "SHIELDS SERVES BLACK EYE." He had the constitution of a horse and could play a five-set match after an all-nighter. He usually changed from his tennis clothes straight into his tuxedo.

In 1931 Shields became the only player in history to fail to show up for a Wimbledon final, against his crony Sidney B. Wood. This was a murky episode, in which legend has it that Shields was busy investigating the attributes of a matched pair of French countesses; the truth is probably that he had a badly twisted leg from his previous match with Borotra—though the explanations are not mutually exclusive. In June 1933, after unexpectedly losing in the quarter-finals of the French championships, and scheduled

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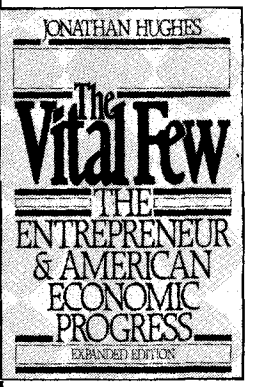

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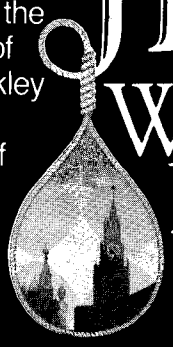

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to play in Germany, Shields *disappeared.* "SHIELDS DISAPPEARS. TENNIS PLAYER DROPS OUT OF SIGHT IN PARIS." He had accompanied some friends on the boat train to Le Havre, a party all the way, and woke up at sea on the *Warren Harding* with no money, only his tuxedo. But for all that, this great tennis dilettante was right up there with Vines, Budge, and the other leading players of the day.

When he played in Los Angeles, the screams of admiring schoolgirls attracted the movie moguls, and he got a lucrative contract. He failed as a screen sex symbol, but had a ball in Hollywood with natural allies like Errol Flynn, Johnny Weissmuller, and Charlie Chaplin. In 1947, his last appearance at Forest Hills in the men's singles, he forced the rising star Fred Kovaleski to five sets, to the hosannas of the sports writers. He always preserved the older grand style, playing in long white trousers and never succumbing to shorts. Then he was court-tennis champion at the exclusive Racquets Club, from which he was once suspended for throwing peanuts at a member, the problem being that their heavy glass bowl accompanied the peanuts in their flight.

His later years were not funny. When drunk, which he frequently was, he became coldly destructive and bullying with his strength. During his third marriage, "a local doctor who was a good friend gave Mum a bottle of chloral hydrate and said she should put it in Pop's drink whenever the tribal drums began to call him. The idea was to knock him out. Well, it had no effect in his first drink, nor in the second. Finally, when he was halfway through the third, which should have worked on an elephant, he said, 'This drink tastes awful.' With that, he left the house to find someone who could make him a decent drink."

Local police protected him and got him to bed from Southampton to Palm Beach despite his brawls and car crashes. All three of his wives loved him, but could not stand him. "Children and Frank had a natural affinity," writes number three in a fond preface, "and much the same point of view."

After two heart attacks and a stroke, Frank Shields died at 65, of a third heart attack, in a Manhattan taxi. Not long before he died, he phoned his son Frank with the message, "The kid is gone." What? "The kid is gone." Frank met his father, who took him to a Catholic church. Someone had stolen the Christ Child from a Nativity scene. The kid was gone. "Come on," said Shields, "let's go have a drink."

This memoir is told artlessly and with love by Shields's son William, who saw beyond the multiple outrages to the core of innocence within the great athlete they often called the Jolly Schoolboy. □

INTRAMURAL

WHY I TOO AM NOT A NEOCONSERVATIVE*

Stephen J. Tonsor

I FEEL somewhat like Mr. Creedy in the Midas Muffler television ad. The engine of the old model of Conservatism that I drive is still running well, and, as I believe that "if it ain't broke don't fix it," I have come to view Conservatism as a perennial political philosophy which does not admit of neos or "Saturn" models.

I became a Conservative in 1954. Rather, I should say that I discovered that I was a Conservative in 1954. The event was not a conversion experience, but a moment of self-revelation. My experience was not unlike that of a Catholic acquaintance of mine who, one day, as he entered a Catholic church, dipped his hand in the holy-water fount and said with sudden clarity, "My God! What am I doing here?" He left the church, never to return. I dipped my hand in the holy-water fount of Russell Kirk and said, "Home at last!"

Whether or not one is a neoconservative is not simply a generational matter. It is not that I am an "old party comrade" and knew the Twelve Apostles, while those "neos" who came after us belong to a new and different age. After all, Irving Kristol must be nearly as old as I am. No, there are still young big-C Conservatives who enter the movement every day and are as far from neo-dom as I am.

Nor is the great divide the consequence of changing times and altered political and economic circumstances. It is not that most neoconservatives think that Barry Goldwater is "cute" and ought to be honored and revered and humored now and then, but that he belongs to the paleolithic age of the Conservative movement. If that indeed is the case, then I too am a paleoconservative.

It can't simply be that neoconservatives read and often write for *Commentary* magazine. I read *Commentary* and have done so for years. I find myself often in agreement, always stimulated, and now and then put off by *Commentary*. However, I don't think *Commentary* is a reliable test. It often publishes writers I consider big-C Conservatives.

Age, changed circumstances, and an identifiable literary connection have little or nothing to do with the ideological identity of those on the Right. (There, I have uttered that awful word, usually prefaced by "far," as in farsighted.) These differences that separate neoconservatives from Conservatives are differences that have for nearly a hundred years divided the Right.

I have made these personal references because I believe that the way in which I became a Conservative, and my starting point, were very different from the way in which one becomes a neoconservative, and the neoconservatives' starting point. One's starting point and the way in which one achieves an identity have very important implications for what one becomes.

These differences among Conservatives are grounded in the relationship of Conservatism to modernity. Increasingly, our culture is becoming aware that it is no longer "modern," though it is totally uncertain just what it is. This cultural break with "modernity" presents us with the preconditions for an accurate assessment of our relationship to it.

By "modernity" I mean that revolutionary movement in culture which derived from a belief in man's radical alienation, in God's unknowability or non-existence, and in man's capacity to transform or remake the conditions of his existence. The thoroughgoing secularism, the attack upon the past, religious and social, aristocratic or bourgeois, the utopian dream of alienation overcome and innocence restored are all linked together in the modernist sensibility. To be "up-to-date" was, for a hundred years, to be an alienated

*This is a slightly condensed version of Professor Tonsor's address to the Philadelphia Society, reported on by Jeffrey Hart in the June 6 *NR*.

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person. The world was viewed as anarchic chaos upon which man-become-God imposed his own particular dream of order. Often as not, that order was an inverted order, against the grain, against nature. Prometheanism and Satanism were one and the same order of man's invention. The Romantic Satanic hero is the same man as the Prometheus of Shelley and Marx, the Zarathustra of Nietzsche.

To pretend that the Right, that Conservatives, have been immune to modernity is self-delusion. On the whole, the Right has been much more modernist than the Left because the Right has dared to think consequentially, because the Right knows that he who says A must also say B. It is for this reason that the modernists of the Right have been, almost without exception, fascists and totalitarians, for they know that when things fall apart and the center does not hold, the only recourse is to an invented and imposed order.

Now that we are able to gain some perspective on this past century, we recognize that the social and political consequence of modernity is totalitarianism. We can see that the denial of the existence of order as the ground of being, and the rejection of the transcendent, are a one-way street to Dachau. If everything is permitted and the will to power the only reality, then the Gulag is as logical as an Euler diagram. Those who do not refuse to think the unthinkable have known this for a long while. Hitler did not need to give a specific command for the "final solution." Himmler and the members of the *SS Einsatzgruppen* knew the "final solution" was implicit in their conception of reality. It is on the ground of modernity that Right and Left are merged and the differences between them are only differences of style and slogans. The Right that is born of modernity is a radical, a revolutionary Right, which cannot in any important degree be distinguished from the revolutionary Left.

Now it is a matter of fact that most of those who describe themselves as neoconservatives are or have been cultural modernists. They have been, to use Peter Berger's telling phrase, baptized in the "fiery brook." (He was making an elegant pun on the name of Ludwig Feuerbach, the Left Hegelian inspiration of Marx and the Church Father of alienation theory.) We Conservatives have been baptized in the Jordan, and there is a vast difference between the Jordan and the fiery brook.

It has always struck me as odd, even perverse, that former Marxists have been permitted, yes invited, to play such a leading role in the Conservative movement of the twentieth century. It is splendid when the town whore gets religion and joins the church. Now and then she makes a good choir director, but when she begins to tell the minister what he ought to say in his Sunday sermons, matters have been carried too far. I once remarked to Glenn Campbell of the Hoover Institution that had Stalin spared Leon Trotsky and not had him murdered in Mexico, he would no doubt have spent his declining days in an office in Hoover Library writing his memoirs and contributing articles of a faintly neoconservative flavor to *Encounter* and *Commentary*.

Is it ungracious of me to suggest that political and even religious conversion does not often improve the mind's capacity for sound judgment? Whittaker Chambers, one of the most beguiling intellectuals of the twentieth century, had a flawed judgment as a Marxist and said some very silly things on the subject of Conservatism once he had become a convert.

All of which is not to say that the rejection of Marxism is unimportant and that the piecemeal rejection of various articles of faith shared with Left-liberal modernists is unimportant. Nor do I wish to imply that the assistance of neoconservatives is unwelcome in the work of dismantling the failed political structures erected by modernity. Conservatives have made common cause with classical liberals, and there is no reason why they should not make common cause with neoconservatives. When the wagon train is attacked we arm the women and children even though they may in their ineptitude occasionally mistake a friend for a foe.

Still, halfway from modernity is not far enough. Politics has always been inseparable from culture, and both derive ultimately from religion. It is absurd to believe that one can remain a modernist in culture and reject the implications of modernism in politics. Unbelief is incompatible with Conservatism. Conserve what? And to what end? Werner Dannhauser, writing in the December 1985 *Commentary*, tells us: "Too many conservatives have failed to come to terms with Nietzsche's thought, dismissing it as an embarrassing attempt to outflank them on the Right. But the challenge he represents will not go away." Dannhauser continues:

> Nietzsche went far beyond Burke, who held out the hope of a time when atheism might cease to be fashionable. Nietzsche postulated an irreversible loss of naïveté in Western civilization. To put the matter crudely, he argued that the cat of atheism was out of the bag. The meanest capacities could now learn that religion was a myth, and when a myth is exposed for what it is, it can no longer serve to provide a unified horizon.
>
> Too many conservatives whose own belief is weak or non-existent, who will privately admit that religion is "for the troops," continue to try to teach the catechism to those troops, forgetting that the latter have by now been thoroughly exposed to the Enlightenment and its lessons.

There you have it: The dividing line between conservatives is the line separating Burke from Nietzsche. Let me say parenthetically that I could never

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understand the reasoning processes of Jews who are Nietzscheans. Walter Kaufmann was quite unable to discern that while Nietzsche was not a biological racist he was a philosophical anti-Semite. If Nietzsche's anti-Semitism was less vulgar than that of Julius Streicher or of Nietzsche's friend Richard Wagner, it was no less deadly.

One is struck again by the true and forceful portrait Thomas Mann gives us of the Nietzschean modernist in the person of Adrian Leverkühn in *Dr. Faustus*. Adrian's music is modernist music not only as a style but in terms of the metaphysical conception out of which it is constructed. It is also demonic. It can only come into existence through the ruin of a soul, the destruction of a mind—and as the work of the composer reaches fruition, Germany is destroyed philosophically and sinks into ruin beneath the rain of Allied bombs. Mann, who made the character of Adrian Leverkühn out of a composite of Nietzsche and Arnold Schönberg, intended in this, the greatest novel of the twentieth century, to tell us something about the cultural reality of our age. The narrator, Serenus Zeitblom, is a religious and pious Conservative—one, I take it, who had missed the Enlightenment.

I sometimes imagine myself and my fellow Conservatives to be of the type of Serenus Zeitblom. They have a loving regard for their age and their fellow men, and they realize that they must often forgo intervention and permit the tragic drama to play itself out. Because Leverkühn could not accept an order which, modernist that he was, he felt to be meaningless, he imposed a new order, rational and cleanly articulated as the music of Bach but lacking Bach's attachment to the divine and reconciliation to the human. Leverkühn's achievement was a great technical triumph but only a triumph of technique. It is fitting funeral music for a culture that died of pride.

Rational technique in the pursuit of irrational ends; that suggests the modernist condition. That is why neoconservatives are so inventive and often correct in dealing with the realm of technique. But when push comes to shove, ends are of ultimate importance and will finally determine the appropriate technique. What the neoconservatives have done is to divorce techniques from ends in an effort to maintain their cultural modernism while rejecting its social and political implications. This, I say, is quite impossible, and in the long run dangerous. It is easy to see that the utopian social and political programs of the last hundred years have failed. It is not the cat of atheism that has been let out of the bag but the failure of the Enlightenment in all its forms. Neoconservatives are, as Irving Kristol remarked, "liberals who have been mugged by reality," but while they have been detached from their social and political myths they have not located themselves in a body of principle that makes life worth living, or that one would die defending.

It is important, also, to realize that the phrase "liberals mugged by reality" is only a part of the truth about neoconservatism. Neoconservatism is above all a transmogrification of "the New York intellectuals," in Alexander Bloom's phrase, who, in turn, reflected the instantiation of modernity among secularized Jewish intellectuals. Neoconservatism is culturally unthinkable aside from the history of the Jewish intellectual in the twentieth century. When the New York intellectuals turned from the beguilements of left-wing revolutionary utopianism, they did not in fact become Conservatives but attached themselves to positions that were neoliberal, in the sense that Mises and Hayek were neoliberals; and just as Mises and Hayek are philosophical and cultural modernists, so too New York intellectuals who now call themselves neoconservatives are modernists.

Conservatism has its roots in a much older tradition. Its world view is Roman or Anglo-Catholic; its political philosophy, Aristotelian and Thomist; its concerns, moral and ethical; its culture, that of Christian humanism. Most old-fashioned Conservatives are free of metaphysical anxiety and as happy as clams in a world that bears the unmistakable imprint of God's ordering hand. They are free of alienation, and they have absolutely no hopes of a utopian political order. They live with sin and tragedy not as a consequence of inadequate social engineering but as a consequence of man's sin and disorder. They believe that human institutions and human culture are subject to the judgment of God, and they hold that the most effective political instrument is prayer and a commitment to try to understand and do the will of God.

If neoconservatives wish us to take their conservatism seriously, they must return to the religious roots, beliefs, and values of our common heritage. They cannot dither in the halfway house of modernity and offer us technical solutions that touch the symptoms but never deal with the causes of contemporary disorder. □

TRAVEL

A FIRST LOOK AT SAUDI ARABIA

William A. Rusher

SWITZERLAND it isn't. "The lone and level sands stretch far away." Saudi friends assure me that in the southern corner of their country, near North Yemen, there are escarpments and other geological features that lend a little topographical variety to the landscape. But the vast majority of Saudi Arabia is a flat, barren, uninviting moonscape, traditionally populated only by nomadic Bedouin tribes and their determined little herds of hardy ruminants.

What made this unpromising country of absorbing interest to the rest of the world was, of course, the discovery in the mid-1930s that it is sitting atop the world's largest pool of petroleum, and high-grade petroleum at that. Coincidentally, the tribesmen of the area had only just been organized into a feudal kingdom by one Abdul Aziz ibn Saud. By the time he died, in 1953, the kingdom's oil royalties had reached $2.5 million a week, and the question of absorbing interest to His Majesty's several million subjects was how all this money was going to be spent.

The king was a remarkably fecund old fellow, who sired upward of sixty sons and Lord only knows (or cares) how many daughters by his numerous wives. The abler sons have shouldered the task of carrying on the monarchy, and four of them have held the throne successively since his death. Other sons (or now, in some cases, nephews) occupy most of the other key posts in the kingdom. Old Abdul

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Aziz had it all over George Washington when it came to being the Father of his Country.

But the king was also a devout Moslem, of the Wahabi (or strictest) subdivision of the Sunni (or mainstream) variety, and he raised his sons to toe the orthodox Mohammedan line. The kingdom happens to boast the holiest of Islamic sites: Mecca, birthplace of the Prophet (and thus the objective of at least one pilgrimage in their lifetime by all the world's Moslems), and Medina, to which he moved. The royal Saudi dynasty has shrewdly stuck very close indeed to the religious leadership of its Bedouin subjects, and this not only keeps the kingdom staunchly anti-Communist but heavily influences the pace and direction of social progress.

Women, for example, are not exactly liberated by Western standards. Not even foreign diplomats' wives are allowed to drive a car, and in many places, though not all, Saudi women are still expected to wear a veil in public. Literacy is low, too: 15 per cent, according to one recent estimate. All necessary wisdom, you see, can be found in the Holy Koran, portions of which are read to the populace by mullahs no fewer than five times every day. And the penal laws are draconian by Western standards: public decapitation by the sword for such major offenses as murder, adultery, and sodomy; amputation of the right hand for theft; etc. Alcohol is strictly prohibited (save at purely Western functions such as business dinners, where its use is winked at), and—perhaps worst of all from the standpoint of a well-meaning visitor—outdoor photography is frowned on, because even accidental photographs of individuals technically involve the making of images, which the Koran forbids.

On the other hand, the vast oil revenues have been used to improve the lot of the average Saudi in important respects. Public-health facilities are excellent, certainly by regional standards. Poverty is almost non-existent, though living standards are not necessarily high in Western terms: Handsome apartment complexes in the three major cities stand empty and forlorn, apparently because the Bedouin tribesmen they were intended for refused to abandon their tents and goats and move into them.

Balked by their religious reservations from making what a European or an American might consider full use of their wealth, the Saudis have indulged in lavishness where they can, notably in the field of architecture. Saudi Arabia today must be very like the Paradise to which good architects go when they die. There are almost limitless funds for the construction of spectacular mosques, government offices, hotels, and airports. The King Khaled International Airport at Riyadh (designed, I was told, by a Japanese-American architect from St. Louis) is surely the most beautiful such structure on earth. Each of four identical terminals is constructed, apparently of pre-stressed concrete, as a series of billowing arches that somehow suggest a massive tent—through the curving struts of which, however, one can glimpse the cloudless blue Arabian sky. Below the arches, water cascades amid banks of flowers: the ageless dream of the oasis. A fifth terminal, more lavishly decorated yet, is reserved for the use of the royal family and various exalted guests of the kingdom. Between it and the main terminals rises the dome of a handsome mosque, accessible from both.

Yet the restrictions on photography, and more generally on tourism, have kept even this readily visible aspect of Saudi Arabia unknown to most outsiders. You have never seen a poster inviting you to "Come to Sunny Saudi Arabia," and you never will. There is no such thing as a tourist visa permitting one to enter the country just to look around. You must be invited—either by the government or a Saudi friend, or by someone already legitimately there on business. (I am speaking, of course, of Westerners: Moslems on pilgrimage are another matter.)

Once you are properly admitted to the kingdom, however, you come under the ancient rules decreeing lavish hospitality to guests. The Saudis are, after all, Middle Easterners—proud, sensitive, and extremely shrewd, with an almost predictable sentimental streak to balance their frequent cruelty. Those among them—especially sons of the royal family and leading businessmen—who have been educated in the United States and Britain frequently develop into lifelong Americanophiles and Anglophiles, and influence their country's policies accordingly.

At the same time, even these made no secret of the fact that they regard U.S. policy in the Middle East as far

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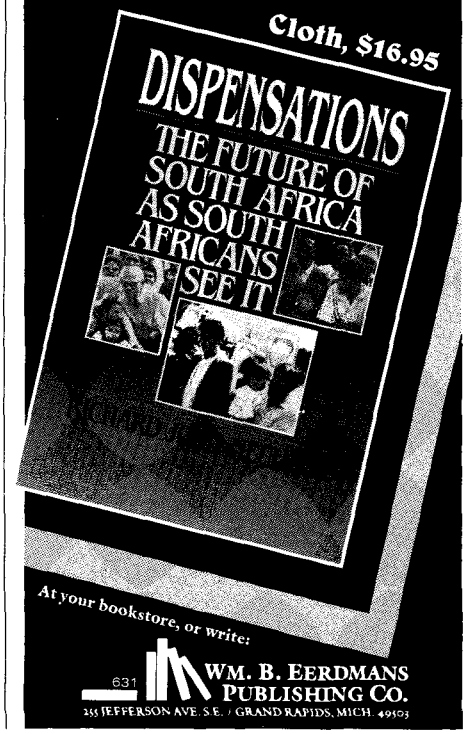

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from "evenhanded." Why, they wanted to know, does Israel get U.S. arms as a gift, while they themselves have to pay for them? They gloomily acknowledge that, in a democracy like the United States, any really determined minority is inevitably influential; but recognition of that fact hardly amounts to reconciliation to it.

Humanly, they tend to be blind, or at least indulgent, to the glaring faults of their co-religionists such as the PLO and various terrorist groups. But when I told them firmly that shooting Americans in wheelchairs and dumping them overboard, as a means of inducing changes in U.S. policy, simply wasn't on, most quietly agreed.

How stable, politically, is Saudi Arabia? The present monarch, King Fahd, is only in his early sixties and in good health; there is no reason why he shouldn't reign for quite a while yet. And I was told that the succession (which is handled by consensus among the key surviving brothers, sons, and nephews of the king) is already arranged, and broadly satisfactory. Beyond *that* prospective reign, the picture grows murkier. Well, few countries can see with confidence much further ahead; and certainly the many sons of the mighty House of Saud are acutely aware that, unless they hang together, they may well hang separately.

What if the demand for oil should

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ALTHOUGH IT IS true, as Paul Marshall reminds us, that "most of the deeper political thinking of the West, for the last one and a half millennia, has been by Christians seeking to be faithful to their politics," it is true also that, contemporarily, when Christians talk about politics *as Christians*, their remarks, more often than not, reveal an embarrassing naïveté that appears to have come to them from Samantha Smith rather than Augustine or Thomas Aquinas. According to Marshall, in his book *Thine Is the Kingdom: A Biblical Perspective on the Nature of Government and Politics Today* (Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 255 Jefferson Avenue, S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49503; $7.95 paper), the reason for this unhappy state of affairs is that too many Christians have neglected the duty to *think* about politics as deeply as they *feel* about politics, and have involved themselves in politics without pressing themselves to discover either the nature or the purpose of political involvement. They have not troubled to know, "in a Biblical way, something about what the *state* is supposed to do; what the *nature* and the *limits* of *political authority* and power are; what the *purpose* of *rulers*, 'God's servants,' is; what the *function of law* is. We need not just a Christian understanding of life, nor just an understanding for Christian social action. We need a Biblically inspired understanding of *politics*."

There is no excuse, Marshall argues, for Christians, in their discussions of political matters, to content themselves with what one critic has called "pious generalities with which it would be difficult for anyone to disagree, or over-specific prescriptions which owe more to the author's political ideology than to his Christian faith." "The content of Biblical faith," he insists,

> is not just some moral norms to apply to our situation, it is a way of seeing and understanding that situation itself. For example, we should not take certain Christian "values," such as love or justice, and then try to work them out in international relations via either a Marxist analysis of world trade, or a systems theory of international interaction, or a neoconservative or Keynesian theory of political economy, or a behavioralist or functionalist theory of the state. Rather we must seek, as much as we can, to ensure that even the very categories with which we analyze and interpret our situation are shaped by our Biblical faith. If we fail to do this then we will find that our attempted Christian approach to the world will be shaped more by the analysis we pick up than it will be by our faith itself. This can be illustrated by the example of Liberation Theology.

The Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, sets forth the essentials of God's cultural mandate for man, according to which humankind is instructed to develop culture, science, and society on earth, of which politics is an integral, though by no means the dominant, part: All that is necessary to a realistically Christian approach to politics is a more sophisticated analysis of the political content of Scripture, coupled with a broader—and deeper—understanding of the world itself.

Such an understanding, Marshall continues, requires us to develop in turn a Christian analysis of human society, of which two things in particular may be said: 1) That all human beings are by nature religious, so that if they do not worship God Himself they are drawn inevitably to worship some idol (Mammon, Marx) in His place. 2) That, despite the Fall, the world remains subject to God's created ordinances, which operate to control the scourge of sin and prevent man from going entirely astray. These Laws, or Facts, represent Ways of human living that owe nothing to, and in fact reflect nothing of, ideology, including the no less bogus ideologies that have been torn from the side of Christianity itself. ("From the Constantinian hope of a Christian Empire, to the Puritan 'city set on a hill' in New England, to the Jesuit state of Paraguay, to the Utopian communes of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the history of Christendom is littered with failed political dreams.") Since, for Christians, *all* of life is religious, while only *one* aspect—the governance of states—is political, a truly Christian politics should stress not "*goals to be achieved*" but rather "*ways to be followed*": "Our response to God, which is what our politics is, should never itself be carved in stone." Just as Jesus, in talking with His disciples, revealed the moral core in which the testimony of the Prophets was wrapped, so Christians in our own time must seek in His teachings the answers to the problems posed by the continuous unfolding of history and the human condition. □

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decline sharply? My Saudi friends were comforted by a recent Chevron study suggesting that, on the contrary, it is likely to rise in the early 1990s. In any case, they have so much of the world's supply that it is truly hard to imagine them suffering much as long as there is any demand for oil at all. Assuredly the alternative is far from obvious. Not even irrigation can make these sands productive; only fertilizers, *plus* irrigation, can do that.

But economics and politics were not my only interests on this visit. My fondest memory of Saudi Arabia is of a dinner for forty, at the home of a Saudi businessman in Riyadh. The house itself, where a superb buffet was laid out, reminded one of Moss Hart's wisecrack about the Hollywood mansion: It "just showed what God could do if He had money." Beyond the swimming pool, which was illuminated from below, trees masked the paths to the greenhouse and the tennis courts. We had our dinner at little tables around the pool, which glowed a soft blue, while surprisingly modern music was played on tapes provided by the girlfriend of our host's teenage son. Through the date palms, as we dined and chatted, a full moon rose serenely into the black velvet sky over Arabia. □

THE GIMLET EYE

INTERVIEW WITH JAMES WEBB

D. Keith Mano

I'LL SET this up like one of those Scotch ads.

NAME: James H. Webb.
AGE: 40.
PRESENT OCCUPATION: Assistant Secretary of Defense for Reserve Affairs.
EDUCATION: Annapolis, Marine Officers Basic School, Georgetown Law Center.
MILITARY SERVICE: Rifle platoon commander in Vietnam. Navy Cross, Silver Star, two Bronze Stars, two Purple Hearts.
MOST RECENT ACHIEVEMENT: Emmy Award for covering the U.S. Marine involvement in Lebanon.
OTHER ACHIEVEMENTS: *Fields of Fire*, *A Sense of Honor*, *A Country Such as This*—all best-selling novels.
QUOTE: "With respect to the service academies, if you accept the presumption that they have existed to produce combat troops, then women shouldn't be there. One out of every six Naval Academy graduates goes into the Marine Corps—and they are the only males that have not been indoctrinated in an all-male environment. It's pretty clear, in a military sense, that they haven't been stressed in the same way that the other guys have."
DRINK: Any old beer, more or less.

NR: What exactly are Reserve Affairs?

JW: When conscription ended and we went to a volunteer system, we shifted the whole notion of what missions the National Guard would perform—it's called the Total Force Doctrine. The Reserve components are no longer in deep standby. There are a tremendous number of units that'll go in the first seven days.

NR: What is your department in charge of?

JW: We've got half the combat power of the U.S. Army under our jurisdiction. We've got about one-third of the Air Force's mission, including more than two-thirds of the air-intercept mission. A huge percentage of the strategic airlift. Twenty-five per cent of the Marine Corps mission. I've got a little DOD. All the services including the Coast Guard. I've got 98 people on my staff. I've got all seven Guard and Reserve components and all four active services. I've got the most interesting staff in the Pentagon.

NR: How do you prepare what are essentially civilians for combat?

JW: For instance, we have a drill we do every year, which we call Reforger, where they practice reinforcing our people in Germany. Forty per cent of the units that went over this year in January were Reserve component units. We took an entire brigade out of Wisconsin, 5,500 people. Two-thirds of all the Army Guard in that state, with their gear. We shipped them out, put them in place, had them do their drill, had them repack and come home.

NR: Frankly speaking, how ready are we?

JW: It's a mixed bag. On the air side I've got some super people. They're getting old. I'd say probably 36 to 37 per cent of the pilots are over forty. And they've got maybe five more years that they can fly. Last year the Air Force had three different competitions. The Air Reserve pilots beat the actives in all three of them.

But when you get on the ground side it's different. There is tremendous personnel turbulence. Changeover, people quitting. It's hard to develop real cohesion. Army ground units, Guard and Reserve, we've got problems. With a mixed degree of success, they're getting fixed. On the medical side, I shudder.

NR: Shudder?

JW: On the Army side we have 70 per cent of the combat medical mission if we ever go to war. On the active side, 80 per cent of the people they treat are dependents and retirees. We're in bad shape. And there are a lot of what we call turfers, people who say that's a health-affairs issue, not a Reserve Affairs issue. Since conscription ended we've had a terrible situation with medical-care personnel. What kind of incentive do they have to enter the services? The thing that moves me is having watched a kid bleed to death and not having been able to stop it. I don't care what they say, we're going to see what we can do to fix the problem.

NR: How?

JW: Well, I also sit on the Defense Resources Board, which figures out what we're all going to get. The twenty top people in the Pentagon sit around a table for three weeks and argue where the hell the Pentagon's going to go in the next five years. It's like the old hung juries—only water until you come up with a verdict. They lock us in. It's really tedious.

NR: Do you think the U.S. will fight even a medium-sized ground war again?

JW: That's a hell of a good question. I don't have the answer. Nicaragua and Vietnam? What we fail to remember about Vietnam is that it wasn't a dirty little war. The population of Vietnam, North and South together, is more than the whole of East Germany. We had more Marine casualties in Vietnam than we had in World War II. Anybody who thinks we lost that war on the ground, go to Hanoi and try to find someone my age. But I don't think we need American troops in Nicaragua. Korea, yeah.

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Europe. And, if the need were demonstrated, I think we would go in. The question becomes how to unify a diverse citizenry in order to do something like that. What we lacked in Vietnam was the legal device by which the country could express its resolve. If we had declared war in Vietnam, we would've created a different domestic environment. The thing we've learned is that you can't debate a war and fight it at the same time.

NR: Are we more prepared now?

JW: As for combat readiness, our country isn't good at that, we've never been good at it. We've always had this citizen-army approach, where all of a sudden we drop our plows, put on our uniforms, and go blow people away. You could do that in 1780. You can't do that any more. We're not conscious planners. We don't believe there is such a thing as evil in the world. We're always willing to be surprised. And usually we are. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Softwar, by Thierry Breton and Denis Beneich (Holt, Rinehart, 278 pp., $15.95)

THIERRY BRETON is a 32-year-old French computer scientist, mathematician, and programmer, whose co-authored sci-fi, spy-fi novel, a French best-seller, has touched a raw nerve in the U.S. and quite likely in the USSR. The reason for the twitch is that Breton & Beneich have written a fascinating story about a lively topic hitherto confined to obscure computer journals, the scenario of which goes something like this: Since the Soviet Union is determined to steal American computer secrets and smuggle super-computers into its technological network, why not slip a "softbomb" into the software programs of a super-computer destined to fall into Soviet hands? The softbomb, presumably undetectable, would be controlled by whoever created the computer program. If instructions to do so were written into the program, the super-computer would be capable, when activated, of crippling a country's entire computer system; that is, wiping out the data-bases in the computers of government departments, banks, corporations, intelligence agencies—in short, in any computer that was networked to the illegally obtained super-computer. (One U.S. super-computer almost ready for sale can process as much information in one second as one thousand persons could process in their entire lifetimes; that is why the Soviets are so desperate to get these machines.) One might regard activation of a softbomb as an act of war, potentially as catastrophic as an actual bomb, since it could paralyze a government, a ruling party, an entire society. Bloodless electronic warfare. The title of the novel is a play on the computer word software, which is what tells the computer what you would like it to do. Breton & Beneich go into the computer technology a bit, which is perfectly proper for a novelist, certainly ever since Herman Melville's *longueur* on whales. As to the story, Brendan Barnes is an MIT computer scientist recruited by the CIA and given the task of perfecting the softbomb strategy. His opponent and former lover is Yulya Techayev, research director at the USSR's Institute for Computer Science at Krasnoyarsk in Siberia. They met in the U.S., where she did her graduate work. Not only did they have a romance but, unknown to Barnes, there was a baby, too. The plot isn't particularly complicated once you understand the computer side of things, but it moves right along in as enjoyable a read as I've had in a long time. This novel has just the right blend of science, espionage, and romance, and ought to satisfy the most demanding hacker, let alone ordinary mortals.

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

CAPITAL BULLETINS
(Continued from page 25)

honesty, a spokesman for the library, Nancy Bush, admitted that what they've "tried to do is lose as few employees as possible" in hopes that the budget will soon be restored. Boorstin wants cancellation of the Gramm-Rudman cuts plus $10 million more.

—MICHAEL FUMENTO

MURDER MOST FOWL

THE DEPARTMENT of Agriculture is considering a program of mass henicide. Millions of innocent chickens may soon lose their lives. Their crime? Laying one egg too many—too many, at least, in the eyes of the egg industry, which seeks to create an artificial egg shortage in order to boost prices.

Spokesmen for the industry don't come right out and say it, of course. The industry's program, declares the United Egg Producers, would merely "restore equilibrium to markets during acute cyclical or seasonal depression." The proposed regulation, on which the USDA must now rule, would assess producers, and ultimately consumers, a per-carton fee to pay for "surplus removal," as the egg producers so delicately put it. United Egg Producers chairman Chuck Dynes calls his organization's proposal "a kind of litmus test of the Federal Government's willingness to encourage innovative, self-help programs."

Translation: A big federal windfall for the egg men; cement overshoes for the chickens. —DOUG BANDOW

ANCHELL
(Continued from page 38)

feel esteem for members of the opposite sex. In boys, this esteem is especially felt for girls who are chaste.

Esteem and affection for the sex partner are essential if human sexual needs are to be fulfilled. When affectionate needs are not met during sexual intercourse, frustrations result. A buildup of these frustrations can result in mental anxiety and depression. And indeed, in the past twenty years or so the number of adolescents admitted to hospitals for depression has tripled, and adolescent suicide has increased by 200 per cent.

Some of the blame for this decline in adolescent mental health must fall on the carnal attitudes toward sex, as well as premature sexual activity, encouraged by contemporary sex education. The false demystification of sex can lead young people into affectionless free-love relationships and perversions. Particularly dangerous is the sex educators' insistence on teaching overtolerance of perversion. Teaching young people that orgasm achieved by any means is beneficial can break down psychological defenses and lead them into becoming polymorphous perverts—that is, mechanical robots capable of engaging in any kind of sex act with indifference and without guilt.

Along with carnal teachings, the sex educators give students detailed instruc-

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tion on contraception, abortion, childbirth, and venereal disease, on the theory that after stuffing the minds of students year after year with sexual indoctrination, the sex educators can nevertheless prevent teen and pre-teen pregnancies by such instruction. The Alan Guttmacher Institute, a major sex-education organization, goes even further and places the blame for today's pre-teen and teen pregnancies on American manufacturers for not developing better contraceptives for sexually active students. In fact it is organizations like the Guttmacher Institute that must bear much of the blame.

In 1979, it was determined that five million sexually educated adolescent girls between the ages of 15 and 19 engaged in sexual intercourse. In 1980, 1.2 million pregnancies occurred in these sexually active 15- to 19-year-old girls; 440,000 of these pregnancies ended in abortion. Sex educators seem to be unable to understand that their own programs are partly responsible for the pregnancies, abortions, perversions, suicides, and psychological as well as venereal diseases that are epidemic in today's youth. They continue to claim that they are protecting young people from the influence of sexually inhibited parents and outmoded religious teachings, though those "outmoded" teachings are often reconfirmations of natural and normal sexual developments. Today's children and adolescents need an educational system that upholds the family and basic Judaeo-Christian morality—a morality that supports the struggle for existence and sustains civilized life, rather than undermining it. □

UZZELL

(Continued from page 39)

admiration for Fidel Castro and Che Guevara—especially the latter, whose "humility and capacity to love . . . made possible his communion with the people."

The popularity of such a theorist at a Harvard graduate school suggests that academia is still moving leftward. And of course radicalizing graduate schools of education can be a fruitful enterprise: Radical educationists hope to advance from their university beachheads into the elementary and secondary schools.

That won't be easy: At present the public schools seem more interested in computer-literacy courses and "adopt-a-school" programs for Fortune 500 companies than in revolutionary consciousness-raising. Marxist pedagogy's short-run prospects look bleak.

But the long run may be quite different. The "centrist" school-reform movement now dominant is strikingly similar to the educational climate of the 1950s, which preceded the surge of counterculture activism from which we are still recovering. At this movement's core is a moral vacuum: Like the bland consensus of the Eisenhower era, it has little vision of the ends of education beyond careerist "success."

Freire disciples such as Henry Giroux know how to exploit such weaknesses in the reform movement. Giroux, cited in the Harvard *Review* as a leader of those seeking to "provide a secure underpinning for a radical pedagogy," shows impressive adaptability in both theory and tactics. His latest book, *Education under Siege*, not only repudiates the economic determinism usually associated with Marxist views but shrewdly accuses the neoconservatives of materialism, arguing that they "have no program for empowerment, only for providing human capital able to make American business viable once more in the world market." Giroux even attacks "the dangerous centralization of power in American life," in an implied criticism of neoconservative doubts about local control and of neoconservative willingness to depend on government rather than parents as the guarantor of educational quality. He thus taps into the popular desire for local control and parental choice that has been at the heart of the Old Right's educational message. But his appeal is totally opportunistic and quite insincere, as can be seen from his enthusiasm for Nicaragua's Sandinistas.

Interestingly, Giroux expresses deep respect for modern American educationism's most influential theorist, John Dewey. "It can be shown," he says, "that Dewey's educational thought closely approximates the best of Marxist and radical education theory." Howls of protest would greet any conservative critic of the public schools who said that. The education establishment should spend less effort on defaming its conservative critics and more on reconsidering the philosophical premises that make one of the nation's leading schools of education so hospitable to blackboard revolutionaries. □

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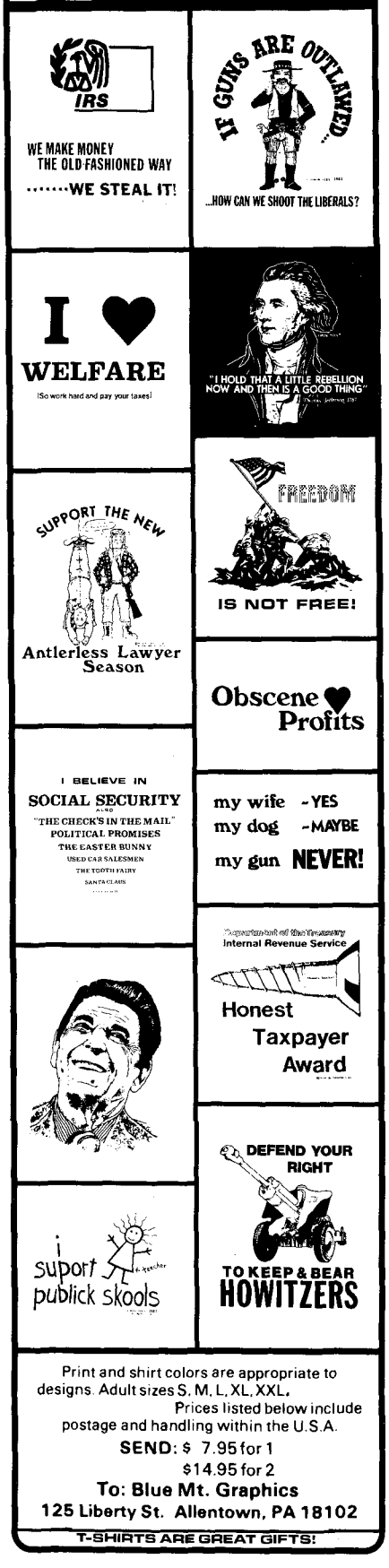

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AS WE LIVE AND BREATHE!

NEW YORK, MAY 16

THE ONLY redeeming thing about Congress, a wag remarked a few months ago, is that sometimes it does the unexpected. The rule, in democratic situations, is for parliamentary bodies to do that which is, not that which is not, expected. The sclerosis in Congress had become such that, a mere week or so ago, the public was convinced that nothing in the way of tax reform would be forthcoming. For one thing, there were the infernal complications. There was the Regan proposal (back when he was Secretary of the Treasury), then there was the Reagan proposal, then there was the House of Representatives proposal. You had to stay tuned 24 hours a day, with the appetite to do so, to remember exactly which was the bill that said this about the depreciation schedule, which was the bill that said that about state-tax deductions. What happened, really, was a lesion of public interest. The average American figured nothing was going to happen. At that moment, suddenly, under the leadership of Senator Bob Packwood, the Senate Finance Committee struck.

Twenty to nothing! It is beyond memory that any tax bill got that kind of endorsement from a committee. The only equivalent sensation in recent memory is the Gramm-Rudman bill, which suddenly came before the public, rising like Venus from the Cypriot Sea, unheralded, unclothed, and before you knew it, you had Jesse Helms and Teddy Kennedy voting for a bill that called for a scheduled reduction in federal spending across the board (excluding certain sacred categories) if the budget didn't match a scheduled reduction in deficits. Bang bang bang, and Gramm-Rudman was the law of the land. So it is—as a starter—with the Packwood bill.

Now it has a considerable way to travel. Under Senate rules, any modification can be entertained on the floor, and many will be. But the package has the feel of an artistic creation. Few of us would resist the temptation, if we had the opportunity, to add just that little extra touch of blue, or to bend that bronze over just a little more thataway, or to change just slightly the shape of the nostril, when given a piece of art still malleable, fresh from the creator's fingers. And no doubt senators will attempt their modifications of the Packwood bill. And even if they do not succeed, it will need to go into conference, to get the collaborative acquiescence of the House. But right now, the bill has a powerful inertia going for it.

What is exciting about the Packwood bill is less its economic configuration than its implied philosophical premises. There are American economists, and American social philosophers, who would argue for this or that provision of the bill or against it. Does it make sense to discourage future IRAs when we are asking the people to take steps to look after their own retirement benefits? Does it make sense to discontinue the investment tax credit at a time when we are worried about our trade imbalance, and desire more industrial development?

AND—most important—are we, by building up the business tax (Packwood calls for a no-nonsense minimum business tax of 20 per cent, even though the maximum rate is reduced from 46 to 33 per cent), subsidizing a sleight of hand, by which American taxpayers dreamily assume that because corporations are paying the tax, they are relieved of it? There is a fair amount of this kind of thing in the Packwood bill. Little sleights of hand, by which people's attention is diverted. For instance, the top rate of taxation would now be 27 per cent: But an individual who has a taxable income of $87,240 would be charged 27 per cent beginning with the first taxable dollar, substituting for the current formula whereby the higher tax rate is not levied until the higher income is reached; the result being that a "27 per cent tax" on an individual earning $87,240 would not differ very much from the existing tax, which begins to charge 50 per cent but only after reaching the $85,000 mark.

But the exciting aspect of the Packwood bill is the dramatic reduction in the marginal rate to 27 per cent, which has philosophical implications that should be greeted with cries of joy: the recognition that high discriminatory taxation against the affluent a) is economically stupid and b) is philosophically unwise in a society that prides itself on equal treatment before the law. The Packwood bill is an exciting, progressive step toward economic sense, and philosophical justice. □

THEODORE WHITE, R I P

NEW YORK, MAY 21

IT IS SO with very few people who are discreetly hospitalized, but when Theodore H. White was struck down at his desk on the Friday afternoon, by Sunday morning it seemed as if half America knew of it, even though there had been no notice in the press. Friends, friends of friends, and friends of theirs relayed the news, because everyone cared so deeply who had read his books, and especially those who knew him. The sensation was on the order of hearing that fire threatened the library at Alexandria, the storehouse of great deposits of national self-knowledge, a source of national pride.

But it was not long after hearing the first news that those made aware of his condition prayed he would not recover. The image of Teddy White sitting up, mute and mindless, was unbearable. Not Henry Mencken all over again! Because the stroke—word had got out—was of just that nature, deep, malevolent, voracious; a brain-eater. In White there was much brain to feed on. He had revolutionized the art of political reporting, the obituarists all agree. And in doing so he broadened the understanding, because his were the eyes of a journalist who could convey the inclinations of a small gathering of Americans who convened to hear a candidate by noting how much effort they put into wiping their own hands clean before accepting the politician's proffered hand. The voters spoke their intimate thoughts to him, his colleagues spoke theirs to him, Presidents and presidential candidates sought him out. It was to him that Jackie Kennedy turned after Dallas.

Theodore H. White made one grave strategic mistake in his journalistic lifetime. Like so many disgusted with Chiang Kai-shek, he imputed to the opposition to Chiang thaumaturgical social and political powers. He overrated the revolutionists' ideals, and underrated their capacity for totalitarian sadism. Those who traveled with White to China in 1972, when first he revisited the desolation at the hands of the man for whom he had shown so great an enthusiasm, viewed the bitter confusion he felt. It was as if Mao had committed an act of personal disloyalty, a vice alien to White's nature. He saw in his own country

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a wildly successful, if aberrant and eccentric, march toward general enlightenment; and he had seen in Yenan something that he thought would o'erleap the tenacious traditions of a China immersed in its anachronisms. He wrote *Thunder Out of China* in 1946, and 26 years later learned first-hand that the nature of the thunder that had hit China was not exuberant, rather it was convulsive. As was his custom, he integrated his new knowledge into his writing, and all his readers profited from the quality of revised insights.

When in 1965 he had completed the second of his magisterial series on the making of American Presidents, this one on the contest between Lyndon Johnson and Barry Goldwater, he dared to say that Goldwater had galvanized dissatisfactions in America which would not be put down by the facile rhetoric and quick-fix social legislation of Lyndon Johnson. Daring to say this about the ideas of a man who had been devastated by a thunderous New Dealer, Theodore White was widely derided. Since then, only one Democratic President has sneaked into office, and two Democratic presidential contenders managed to lose 49 states. Teddy White had seen into the future, but his skills in reporting on the future made it very nearly, if never quite, palatable to some of the most disappointed ideologues.

He came to me late one morning in October of 1965. We had never met and he was writing a piece for *Life* magazine on the mayoralty contest in New York City, in which I was engaged as the candidate of the Conservative Party. In my little office he began to ask questions, and to take those copious notes of his, neat save for the cigarette ashes that spilt on them. I was feeling saucy and answered two or three of his questions with a levity not entirely appropriate to sober analytical interrogation. He would suppress a smile, even as his eyes would twinkle.

Finally, he put down his pencil and said: "Look, Mr. Buckley. I am doing business now. We will make friends later." Later proved to be lunch that day.

Crossing the Pacific in 1972 he was seated next to me, going through thousands of clippings, looking forlornly for any documentation of Mao's positive accomplishments, while I, with my own copious collection, was engaged in a complementary endeavor at Mao's expense. He stopped suddenly. "I'll show you this one," he said mischievously, "but only in exchange for the very worst you have come across relating to Chiang Kai-shek and his failures!" I dug up one that spoke of Chiang's corruption during that last year, in 1949. "Not nearly good enough," he grunted, on reading it. "I won't exchange mine for that. Mine says—well, okay, here it is." It spoke of over a million dead in the maw of Mao's Cultural Revolution.

Macabre humor: But with Theodore White, life could be that way, because conjoined with his fine mind, his artist's talent, his prodigious curiosity, there was a transcendent wholesomeness, a genuine affection for the best in humankind. It is quite awful to know we will not see him again alive, altogether consoling for those who believe we will experience him again in a life to come. □

MAYOR KOCH PERFORMS

NEW YORK, MAY 23

The case mounts. Hear now from Edward Koch, Mayor of New York, who as a relatively unknown congressman wrestled with his colleagues 15 years ago to urge them to inquire into the effects of marijuana legislation with a view to recommending a reasonable code. That was back when some states were sending half-grown children to jail for ten or 15 years for smoking a weed, while others all but guaranteed police protection for smokers at such outings as Woodstock. What Mr. Koch now wants is a federal law that would execute everyone caught trading in heroin or cocaine.

In what quantity did you have in mind, Your Honor?

Oh, he hadn't given the matter much thought. "The amount that comes readily to mind is the distribution of a kilo."

A good round figure. Sell one kilo of coke, occupy one electric chair for one minute.

Now here are the two points to bear in mind in considering Mayor Koch's proposal.

The first is that it would work. The second is that it won't happen.

Some months ago, when I first used this space to recommend that we surrender, and do away with the anti-narcotic laws, I observed that there are in fact ways to keep drugs out of the United States. I cited the way in which this is done in Singapore, with quite extraordinary success. A drug user, detected *in flagrante*, is seized, sentenced, and flogged. If it happens a second time, he is seized, sentenced, and hanged. There is no question in my mind that if this were to become the law in the United States, cocaine and heroin would all but disappear from the marketplace. And there is no question in my mind that no such law will be passed in America unless it evolves into the kind of society we really do not wish to live in.

We know, moreover, that 95 per cent (that is the official estimate) of the drugs being imported are imported via organized crime. Via the Mafia, which becomes here a generic term. The remaining 5 per cent is the stuff brought in by foreign travelers, most usually students, of the kind dramatized in the movie *Midnight Express*. It would be clerically easier to locate, indict, and execute members of flourishing drug organizations than it would be to catch fifty thousand students coming back from Mexico each with a gram or two—forgive me, a kilo—of cocaine. But after we had executed, say, two, three hundred mob figures, the appetite of the students for smuggling would clearly diminish.

Now, Mayor Koch began his press conference with an interesting admission. The *New York Times* account reports, "He said he had concluded that local drug-enforcement efforts had had little effect on the city's growing drug problem." Others of us have been saying the same thing for a while now. And have been stressing that as the drug problem grows, so does the strength of the underworld grow, and so does corruption grow. Indeed, the same day's news headlines the blunt charge by American officials that the Mexican government is not merely just plain corrupt—that news would qualify to run on the obituary page of the paper—but is specifically corrupt in the matter of drug-growing. It is even charged that members of the family of the president of Mexico are engaged in growing drugs and selling them for consumption in the United States, and that they are protected by what goes by the name of law-enforcement officers in Mexico. And of course there are their counterparts in the United States. Corrupt policemen, who are bought off by drug merchants; corrupt prison guards, who are paid to look the other way when the stuff is brought in; and, one supposes, corrupt judges, since no profession is immune to corruption, and the drug business is very, very big business.

So Mayor Koch, who is a splendid public official even if a little short-sighted about some of the things that have been going on in Queens, up and says the truth, namely that drug enforcement is not working. And he dramatizes the failure of it by asking for the only kind of legislation that would make it work: capital punishment for drug merchants. Someone at the press conference said that the Supreme Court had authorized capital punishment only for the crime of murder, and mightn't it therefore be that to prescribe it for drug-selling would run into the Eighth Amendment's prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment?

But the question needn't have been asked, really. Because the subject will never reach the courts. Because Congress isn't going to pass any such law. And Mayor Koch knows it. Could he be preparing to show the same courage he did back in Congress? And suggest decriminalization of drugs as the only sensible course for America? □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Syncopated — 157 148 37 107 7 17 67 47

B. Gaius and Tiberius — 113 13 57 147 30 108 95

C. Feeble — 129 44 6 62 75 29 171 104

D. A ground plan — 127 40 31 45 2 102 16 117 163 60 71

E. Name in church — 84 119 136 42 70 106 169 19

F. How the wimpish rooster felt — 28 141 124 11 64 98 154 167 43

G. A grand old symbol — 160 66 21 112 85 100 34 59

H. Affected with tissue death — 133 149 168 63 35 81 12

I. Crooked — 139 97 68 134

J. Favorite defense of those caught in a sting operation — 32 151 58 164 18 94 65 8 144 46

K. Southern Russian seaport — 173 114 22 83 48 146

L. East Indies ape — 1 161 116 36 156 101

M. English county on Welsh border — 93 143 33 15 69 174 79 51 3 130

N. Erstwhile Central American — 80 142 158 103 20

O. Before econ and after chem — 138 105 96 56

P. Consequence — 152 128 14 61 41 110

Q. Unit of resistance — 155 99 53

R. Loch in eastern Scotland — 38 165 9 132 82

S. Russian or French — 91 150 109 170 54 23 87 77

T. One who jeers — 123 25 76 135 50 89 115

U. Where Philip Morris might live (2 words) — 55 137 4 86 118 72 111 162 125 39 166

V. Supervised — 74 121 145 131 10 92 26 153

W. Every conservative leader needs this man (hyph.) — 140 122 88 73 27 159 5 49 126

X. Sometimes it's wild and blue — 78 172 24 90 120 52

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 L	2 D	3 M	4 U	5 W	6 C	7 A	8 J	9 R	10 V		11 F	12 H	13 B	14 P	15 M
16 D	17 A	18 J	19 E	20 N	21 G		22 K	23 S	24 X	25 T	26 V		27 W	28 F	29 C
	30 B	31 D	32 J	33 M	34 G	35 H	36 L	37 A	38 R		39 U	40 O	41 P	42 E	43 F
44 C	45 D	46 J		47 A	48 K	49 W	50 T	51 M	52 X	53 Q	54 S		55 U	56 O	57 B
58 J		59 G	60 D	61 P		62 C	63 H	64 F	65 J	66 G	67 A	68 I		69 M	70 E
71 D	72 U	73 W	74 V	75 C	76 T	77 S	78 X		79 M	80 N	81 H	82 R	83 K		84 E
85 G	86 U	87 S	88 W	89 T	90 X		91 S	92 V	93 M	94 J	95 B	96 D	97 I		98 F
99 Q	100G	101L	102D	103N	104C		105O	106E		107A	108B	109S		110I	111U
112G		113B	114K	115T	116L	117D	118U	119E	120X	121V		122W	123T		124F
125U		126W	127D	128P	129C	130M	131V	132R	133H	134I		135T	136E	137U	138O
	139I	140W	141F	142N	143M	144J	145V	146K		147B	148A	149H	150S	151J	152P
153V	154F	155Q		156L	157A		158N	159W	160G	161L	162U		163D	164J	165R
166U	167F	168H	169E	170S	171C	172X	173K	174M							

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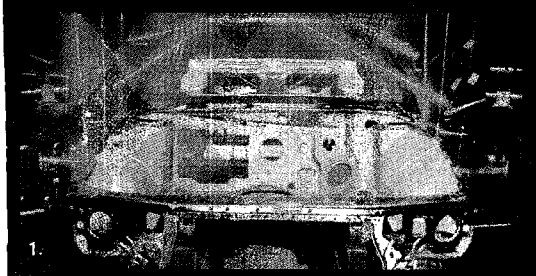
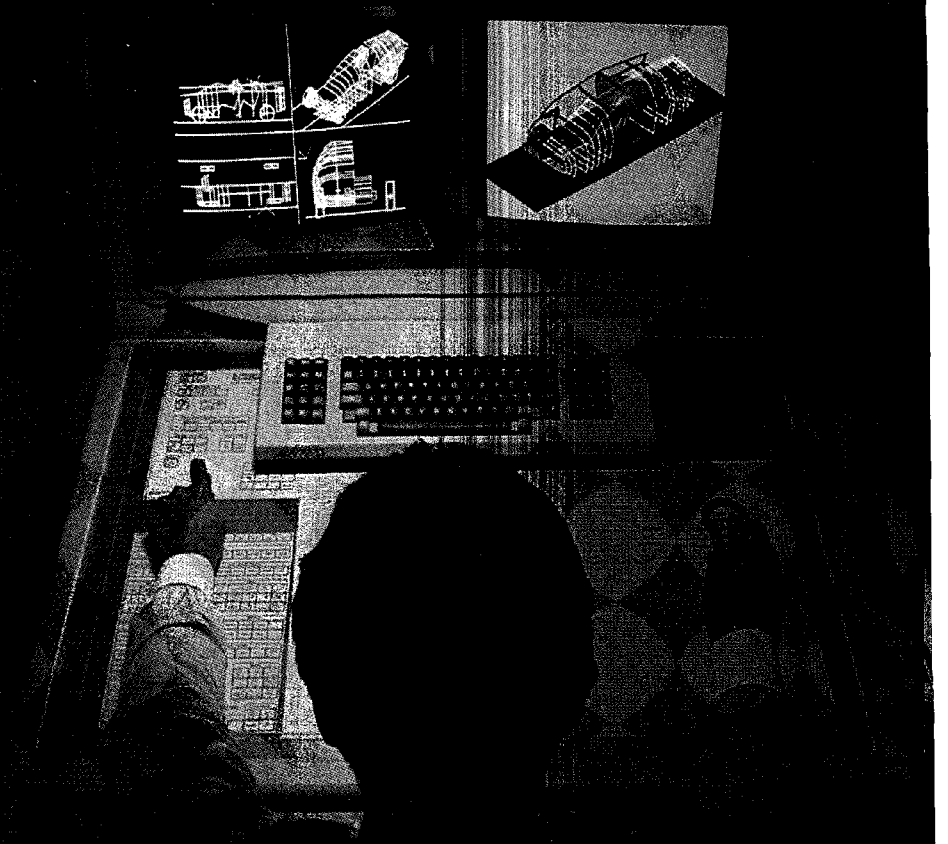


1.

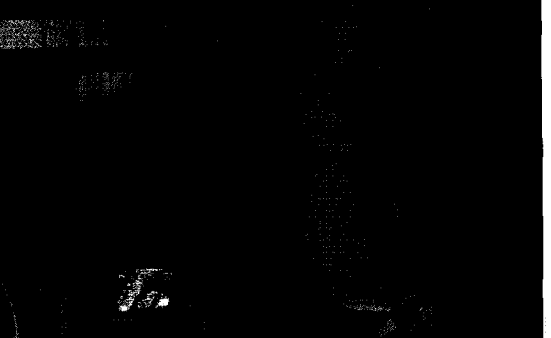


2.

THE GM ODYSSEY: SCIENCE NOT FICTION

GM

3.



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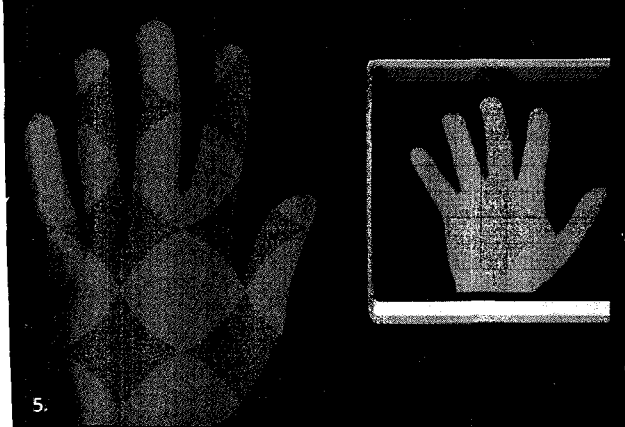

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